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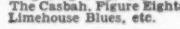
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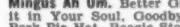
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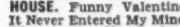
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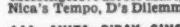
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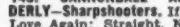
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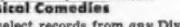
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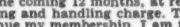
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

While it is too early to know how influential the Sinatra-Lawford-Bishop axis is going to be in Washington, it is worth speculating on how the new administration will face the realities of show business.

The major influence and attitude must come from the president. If his background is any criterion—son of a father who served as president of RKO theaters; obvious experience in the political uses of television and radio; a liking for Broadway shows and good music—Kennedy will set the tone for a savvy approach to problems of the entertainment industry.

The appointment of the 35-year-old Newton Minnow as head of the important Federal Communications Commission, regulatory body for radio and TV, hints at what might take place in the months ahead. Minnow, a bright young man from Adlai Stevenson's law firm and a former assistant to the late Chief Justice Vinson, probably doesn't know the difference between an antenna and a transmitter. But he does know the law and is young enough to know the difference between right and wrong.

He has also read the pithy Landis report, which delves into the incredible blundering and naivete of some past incumbents of the FCC. Remember how long it took the FCC—and the Federal Trade Commission—even to acknowledge that payola existed, and the not-so-skilled attempts to evade responsibility when the dirt began to show? It took the less-anonymous Congressmen to get the place aired out.

Not that all is sweet and pretty now. Payola still goes on, and more cease and desist powers have yet to be given government agencies. But, more important, the officials concerned must acquire enough sense of urgency to respond to a problem when, and if, they see that a problem exists.

With the quiz show and payola scandals threatening whatever remained of public confidence, the networks broke all humility records by hurriedly increasing the number of public affair programs. Anything to forestall really serious government control.

It is ironic that these shows—now called "actuality shows" by the Madison Avenue semanticists—have found commercial success. Sponsors are lining up, and NBC's *Project 20* is completely sold out. It seems the ratings indicate that the public is not only interested in such shows, but wants more of them.

Toll TV, or the right to lease your

own airwave, for a buck a show, is being tested in Toronto, with Bob Newhart and some folk singers shilling for the experiment. When toll TV comes through on a national basis—perhaps within two years—we may get good programming for minority tastes, though I am still skeptical about the possibilities of opera, jazz, and other cultural goodies springing to view.

Then there is the fight to do away entirely with the archaic cabaret tax—that vestigial 10 percent remainder that is tacked onto your night club check. With the American Federation of Musicians leading the fight, it is possible that this may come off this year.

If things work out as predicted as far as Mrs. Kennedy is concerned, music and stage personalities may find the salons of the White House open to an unprecedented degree. It is not inconceivable that the first lady will set some cultural fashions other than the usual hair-dos and color-schemes.

Whatever does happen, I hope for President Kennedy's sake that he is not stuck with some "favorite" song. FDR had to suffer through countless renditions of *Home on the Range*, and politic Harry Truman kept silent until recently about his dislike for the *Missouri Waltz*. It has been rumored that Kennedy likes *Greensleeves*. I'll bet the Navy band is working up an arrangement now.

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VOL. 28, NO. 4

FEB. 16, 1961

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ON THE COVER: The sensitive portrait of Miles Davis lost in thought is by the Chicago photographer Bill Abernathy. A comparably sensitive portrait of the friendship between Davis and composer-arranger Gil Evans, by Chicago writer Marc Crawford, will be found on Page 18.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

The Poll

Not being vain enough to expect my personal favorites to win *en masse*, I applaud your excellent poll. It does inspire a few suggestions, however.

There should be either an old-timers' committee or a division into historical and contemporary sections of the vote on the Hall of Fame entry. Perhaps a percentage system could be adopted to permit more than one yearly entry.

I can't fault the election of Dizzy Gillespie but can regret the defeat of Billie Holiday. The death of a noted musician in 1961 could place him above her in the poll and begin her on the road to oblivion, so far as your poll is concerned. Far down on this latest list appeared the name of Bix Beiderbecke, just one of many great but half-forgotten jazzmen who no longer have a fair chance to be voted in.

I would also like to see a "most influential musician" and a division into "arranger" and "composer" categories, these matters being every bit as important as a single year's excellence in playing an instrument. It strikes me that the Monks and Minguses are not duly saluted. Based on the music that is being played and recorded these days, Mingus' enormous 1960 influence should have been recognized. If this forces the dropping of such a category as accordion, in which one Lawrence Welk placed sixth, then we'll simply have to be brave.

New York City

Bill Libby

There have been several letters about the Hall of Fame category along the line of Libby's. We ask readers who have constructive suggestions on the problem to write to Editors, Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

Dixieland fans, unite! We have been disenfranchised. Take a look at the combo listings in the 1960 *Down Beat* Readers poll. Previous polls have at least provided a special category for Dixieland voters (like the niche in the attic for the country cousin). It now appears that as far as *Down Beat* is concerned, Dixieland is completely illegitimate in the jazz field. This, in spite of the fact that several modern Dixieland exponents, such as Al Hirt, Roy Liberto, and the Salt City Six, make more jazz sense than the demons of dissonance presently wailing in the cellars.

Wayne, Pa.

Arnold Koch

Down Beat does not look on Dixieland as a country or any other kind of cousin, nor has it ever set aside an attic, niche, or category for any one style jazz.

Mr. Koch also wrote another letter in which he stated that *Down Beat* should become aware of the inequities of Chicago AFM Local 10's policy in what he refers to as "featherbedding," i.e. a club must hire a local band when it books an out-of-town group for more than a five-day week. Mr. Koch, who is the personal manager of

the Salt City Six, must have missed the several instances of *Down Beat's* mentioning and deplored this Local 10 policy. (Mr. Koch: *Down Beat's* address has not been 2001 Calumet for almost two years.)

You're Welcome

It was, indeed, an extreme pleasure to learn that I have been voted the No. 3 position in the trombone section of your 25th annual Readers' poll.

I want to take this opportunity to say thanks to everyone concerned.

New York City

Curtis Fuller

Mark 55 In '60

I'd like to thank the 55 voters in the *Down Beat* Readers poll who voted for me in the male singer category this year. Since I may never meet many of them, I feel I should make this effort to communicate with them.

New York City

Mark Murphy

Soulful Ethos

In regard to Greek ethos and jazz "soul" (*Chords and Discords*, Dec. 22): The two cannot be compared. Ethos was a doctrine which held that the basis of music had a direct effect on the soul, e.g., the Dorian scale built character while the Phrygian scale had a demoralizing effect upon it. Jazz "soul," on the other hand, involves the music as it comes from the musician-creator. Ethos was concerned with the individual; "soul" significance lies in the music.

Personally, I like "soul" jazz terminology and music. It sets its own standards, for it embodies a lie detector which frees it from half-truths and artificiality. What, then could be more descriptive for this type of music—that comes from the depths of the heart and mind—than "soul" jazz?

Portland, Ore.

Linda Bruno

Did somebody miss a point somewhere?

... For They Shall Receive Mercy

I have been in this country for two years and have just commenced study at the Berklee School of Music. It seems that every facet of life has its opposites. In this instance the tremendously good theoretical and practical influences of establishments such as Berklee and the appalling attitude of American justice and Mr. Gerard von Broock towards "vicious social lepers." (*Down Beat*, Jan. 5).

I have little to say—in fact, what can anyone say in the face of such utter ignorance? I believe a rather sick silence is perhaps the most effective course of action. That and maybe a suggestion that Mr. von Broock go home to Europe to be convinced that only there, so far, is there an answer for these poor victims of the "vicious social" rats who feed them.

Boston, Mass.

Robin Lawson

In reply to Mr. Gerard von Broock's disgusting letter printed in the Jan. 5

(Continued on page 8)

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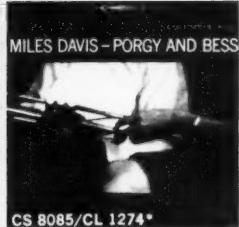
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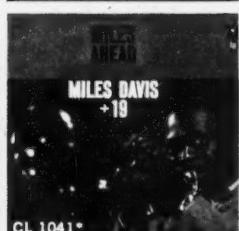
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*Regular

CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

Chords and Discords, all I can say is, "Oh Gerard, come on now."

I am only one little unknown jazz fan, but jazz or not, the problem of narcotic addiction shall never be solved in the way that Mr. von Brock states in his viciously cruel letter.

Tenafly, N.J.

Lorraine Pette

We Blush

Your Dec. 6 issue was the greatest—*Down Beat* gets better with every issue!

To be specific: Don Nelsen's article on Bill Evans was terrific. It makes Mr. Evans really step out of your pages. More from Mr. Nelsen, please.

The *Afterthoughts* column on racial discrimination was the best thing I've read on the subject. Keep it up—not enough of us speak out . . .

Hackensack, N.J. Peter Kenigan

Leave Them Cats Be!

Is everyone through knocking the critics? And record reviews? And George Crater?

I find *Down Beat's* album reviews indispensable to my purchase of new recordings. Naturally, I don't agree with everything Gitler, Wilson, DeMicheal & Co. write, but they sure give you a good idea of what a given album is like . . . and in an economical hunk of space.

And God knows, Mr. Crater is a small enough current bucking the tide of people who take themselves too seriously . . .

I would like to see your critical readers write a review. Chances are we'd see

sentence after sentence of "I don't dig Zoot Farns, like he's nowhere, dig? Or perhaps, "Man, this one is the wildest—I mean there's just nothing that doesn't make it."

Maybe reader reviews could then be reviewed by *Down Beat* reviewers. But then I guess this is more George Crater's department.

Anyway, may the *DB* critics staff continue to flourish in their important role in an ever-expanding music form that demands intelligent and broadminded appraisal.

Erie, Pa. Barry Parsons

Byrd Food For Thought

I've just read the Jan. 19 issue of *Down Beat*, and I want to commend Donald Byrd for his fine article about the problems of an aspiring trumpeter. I found that this article clearly shows how little modern material there is for a trumpet player. I play trumpet and would like to add to the list at the end of the article that you can get a catalog and self-explanatory booklet on the various parts of a mouthpiece and how to judge which one is best for you by writing to Vincent Bach, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Let's have more fine articles like Mr. Byrd's in coming issues.

Brooklyn, N.Y. Zachary Shnek

Crater Missed

I was quite disappointed when George Crater's *Out of My Head* did not appear in the Jan. 5 issue. I sure hope Crater returns before the year progresses too far.

The issue was still a fine one, and I

was especially glad to see Don DeMicheal's article on Johnny Griffin, a long-standing favorite of mine. Keep up the good work, Notre Dame, Ind.

Tom Jolie

The Lady Day Movie

I received the Jan. 19 issue of *Down Beat* today and read of the projected movie based on the life of the late Billie Holiday to be produced by Albert Zugsmith. I am not the least bit familiar with Mr. Zugsmith or his former "productions," but I hope he is approaching this film with a little more dignity and understanding than some of his past efforts indicate by their titles.

Billie was a great artist, to me the finest singer jazz has ever known, and I am sure that her thousands of fans would not want to see her life story turned into a Class C film aimed at the teenage audience.

This is just a suggestion, but it would seem to me that they should use actual Billie Holiday recordings for the sound track. It would be impossible to recreate that incredible voice in any other way.

I hope I haven't sounded too critical of this movie which I also understand is going to be made into a Broadway musical, but I thought now would be a better time to complain instead of after the movie and stage show are completed.

Let's remember that a lot of people will only know Billie Holiday through this movie and stage show. Let's make this a tribute to a great artist aimed at a mature and intelligent audience.

Oswego, N.Y. Fred Cox

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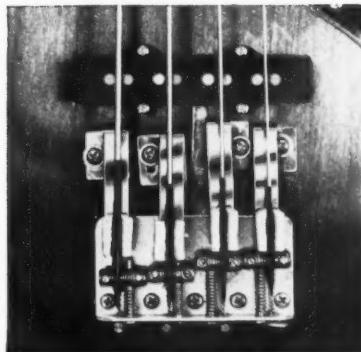
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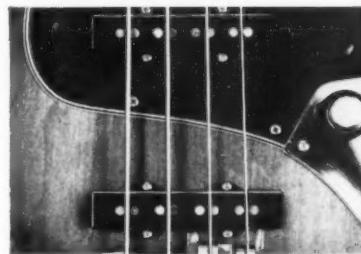


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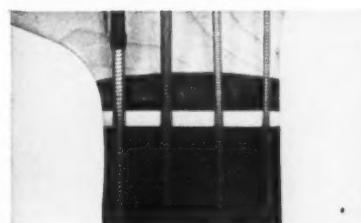
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STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

The volume of jazz recording is on the increase. It had taken a dip at this time last year when United Artists and Warner Bros. left the field. But now, two companies—**Archie Bleyer's Cadence**, and ABC-Paramount—have established subsidiary labels for jazz releases.

Candid, a branch of Cadence, signed exclusive contracts with **Charlie Mingus**, the **Toshiko-Mariano Quartet**, tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin**, blues artist **Otis Spann**, and vocalists **Abbey Lincoln**, and **Nancy Harrow**. Single album deals were made with trumpeters **Richard Williams**, **Benny Bailey**, **Don Ellis**, and **Clark Terry**; saxophonists **Phil Woods**, and **Steve Lacy**; clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell**; pianists **Cecil Taylor**, **Jaki Byard**, **Paul Bley**, and **Dick Wellstood**; guitarists **Ray Crawford** and **Danny Barker**; bassist **Buell Neidlinger**; and blues artists **Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins** and **Memphis Slim**. The label also plans to record in Europe. The first overseas album will be performed and produced by tenor saxophonist **Lucky Thompson**. **Bob Alschuler** is general manager of the new label.

ABC-Paramount, an affiliate of Paramount Pictures, has assigned the name Impulse to its jazz label. Initial releases are by the **Gil Evans Orchestra**, trombonist **Kai Winding**'s group, singer-pianist **Ray Charles**, and the trombone team of **Winding** and **J. J. Johnson**. **Creed Taylor** is in charge of jazz recording at Impulse.

Warwick Records has signed vibraphonist **Teddy Charles** to produce jazz discs. His first release will be an all-star album featuring **Curtis Fuller**, **Philly Joe Jones**, **Donald Byrd**, **Pepper Adams**, **Bill Evans**, and others. He is also working on a Curtis Fuller trombone set.

Stan Free, former arranger for **Chris Connor**, has been appointed artists and repertoire head at Old Town Records. Pianist Free has lined up trumpeter **Ted Curzon** and the group known as the Afro-Jazziacs. He also has in mind a series of new recordings by older, legendary jazz figures.

Tops Records, using a large studio band under the direction of tenor saxophonist **Dave Pell**, has ready a series of nine albums paying tribute to the big bands of yesteryear. Included are salutes to **Duke Ellington**, **Harry James**, **Artie Shaw**, **Benny Goodman**, **Glenn Miller**, and the **Dorsey Brothers**.

Benny Waters, who played clarinet and tenor saxophone with such bands as **King Oliver** and **Clarence Williams** back in the 1920s, has become very popular in Europe during the last few years. He recently moved from Paris to Hamburg, Germany, to live.

Ornette Coleman recorded an LP for Atlantic featuring paired instrumentalists: Coleman and **Eric Dolphy**, alto saxophones; **Don Cherry** and **Freddie Hubbard**, trumpets; **Charlie Haden** and **Scott La Faro**, basses; **Ed Blackwell** and **Billy Higgins**, drums. One long Coleman composition will

(Continued on Page 55)



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A GUN WTH AN EMPTY CHAMBER

Lem Winchester made his decision last summer, after a good deal of soul-searching. With a bright future ahead of him as a career police officer (the Wilmington, Dela., department had just sent him to a special course at Michigan State university police school, making him the first Negro thus honored by that city), he nonetheless decided to devote his life to music.

There was a certain irony to it: vibraphist Winchester had been a boyhood friend of Clifford Brown, and once said he had turned away from music because he thought Brownie had all the talent. Now Brownie was dead, and Winchester was alive and playing.

The conflict between Lem's two careers had come into sharp focus when Leonard Feather, who "discovered" him, took him to a Newport Jazz festival, where audiences, musicians, and critics alike were astounded that a police officer should be such an excellent musician.

His resignation from the force resolved the conflict. And, though the first few months were lean for bookings, lately things had begun to pick up for Lem and the members of his quartet.

In mid-January, they ventured into the middle west, with a booking at the Topper Club in Indianapolis.

On the night of Friday, Jan. 13, Lem was sitting at the bar. He asked for some Bufferin tablets. The bartender looked in a drawer for them, laying a snub-nosed .38 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver on the bar.

To the handsome 32-year-old vibraphist, guns were as familiar as his mallets. He picked up the revolver, took out the shells, laid them on the bar. Then he told bartender Robert Cook that he'd show him how he used to "scare people."

He put four shells back in the cylinder of the gun (it contained five when fully-loaded) and put it to his head. He pulled the trigger, expecting the firing pin to strike on an empty chamber.

But the action of the Smith and Wesson evidently was not what Winchester had expected. Lem was dead on arrival at hospital.



LEM WINCHESTER

802 ELECTION PROTEST DISMISSED

When Alfred Nano protested the reelection of Alfred J. Manuti to the presidency of American Federation of Musicians New York Local 802, he made a formidable series of charges.

Manuti and his slate, Nano told the Honest Ballots Association, were guilty of vote-buying, irregular and improper safeguarding of the polls, using union facilities to promote the incumbent slate, and accepting campaign contributions from employers, caterers, and orchestra leaders, in violation of federal law.

In a hearing before the association, Nano—represented by attorney Maxwell T. Cohen—showed as evidence a coded card, obtained from a Manuti man. Nano alleged that the card was a rate schedule for votes.

Nano also brought forth two checks (*Down Beat*, Jan. 19) received from an 802 member, Ervin B. Sheinman, each for \$6. The checks were payable to Sheinman and another 802 member, David Schneider. Nano charged that Sheinman got \$6 for carrying a Manuti placard, and an additional \$6 for voting twice. The charge was based on the fact that Sheinman endorsed both checks and received \$12.

The charge did not hold up. On Dec. 30, a month after election day, Sheinman sent a notarized letter to 802 secretary Max Arons, saying that he and Schneider had carried picket signs advertising the Musicians Ticket — the

Manuti group. Three days afterwards, Schneider asked Sheinman to take his signed receipt to the union and pick up his expense money. He authorized Sheinman to endorse his check for him, the letter said.

Sheinman's letter said the money was for expenses only.

As for the coded card, Arons said, "I devised it to make it easy to keep the payments straight. Both parties in an election have paid workers. The code was to represent different categories of work and the amount of working time involved."

Nano had also charged that the Manuti ticket had chartered buses to bring in voters from Scranton, Pa., and had issued them 802 cards so they could vote. Arons retorted:

"Oh sure, we chartered some buses. One went to Philadelphia and brought in Local 802 members. There is nothing illegal about that. We have 33,000 members, and at least 15,000 of them are out of town or inactive. The party will foot the bill to bring in those who desire to vote, and gamble on the chance they will vote for us."

As for charges that the Manuti group had used union office facilities in campaigning, Arons produced phone bills made out to the Musicians Ticket, saying the party had rented offices at the Landseer hotel for campaigning.

Nano offered little evidence to sustain charges about the way the election was conducted, other than oral comments on what he said was an insufficient number of voting machines and the lack of poll watchers in certain areas.

George J. Abrams, supervisor of the election for the Honest Ballots Association, testified that there was substantial evidence that the 27 voting machines used were quite ample. He said that no matter how many machines are utilized, at certain times during any election a waiting line could occur. No evidence was produced to indicate that would-be voters had left polling places because lines had been too long.

Two days after the hearing, the committee on labor elections of the Honest Ballots Association, headed by chairman Jean Bindorff, gave a decision.

It was that "none of the charges was sustained and that they, therefore, must be, as they are, dismissed."

A NEW LOW IN TASTE

In the record business, even the fuzz-cheeked tyro quickly gets acquainted with wacky, tasteless gimmicks passed off as genuine demonstrations of talent.

This month, even the hoariest song plugger was constrained to turn away in embarrassment at the latest—and possibly lowest—manifestation of the compulsion to turn a quick buck from a sure thing. Released on Capitol Records, the single *Big John* boasts this lyric as sung by "Carol" and "Anthony":

*Big John, now you're the President.
Big John, you're tougher than cement.
We need you, you're the leader of the U.S.A.
Big John, now everyone is glad
Your home will be that big white pad.
Mr. J.F.K., you're the leader of the U.S.A.
Now the other man was a good man,
But the people wanted you more.
'Cause if that big bad wolf comes a-knocking)
We know that you're the man to answer the door.
And what is more . . .
Big John, you're going to swing on through.
Big John, and we will follow you.
Yea, yea, yea, you're the leader of the U.S.
A, yea, yea, you're the leader of the U.S.
A, yea, yea, you're the leader of the U.S.A.*

The "tune," a twangy, nasal, teenage dirge, features some surprisingly well-played tenor saxophone between choruses. But to insiders, the competency of the sax player was no surprise at all. The horn was in the hands of well-known Hollywood jazzman and sometime actor, Nino Tempo. By no coincidence, Tempo wrote the song.

Commented Chuck Blore, program director of radio station KFWB, the biggest rock-and-roll outlet in southern California, when asked by *Down Beat* to express an expert opinion:

"Personally, I think it's . . . Well, maybe some Nixon-lovers might buy it."

DUKE'S MAD, MAD PARIS VISIT

Edward Kennedy Ellington doesn't like to fly. But when he found it necessary to make a trip to Paris to complete work on his score for the film *Paris Blues*, he bucked up his courage and made the trip by air. After two months in the French capitol, the Duke flew back to the U.S. none the worse for it.

During a short stay in New York

City before going to Las Vegas, Nev., he quipped, "I've been traveling for 30 years, and I don't want to do anything daring like staying at home." He's looking forward to returning to Paris in March to finish his scoring assignment.

Ellington enjoyed his Parisian stay immensely; jam-packed as it was with work, there was always room for play. "In spite of my resolutions, I could never get back to the pad before dawn," he said.

The busy social whirl began on the day he arrived in Paris last November. He was welcomed at a reception given by actor Paul Newman and his wife, Joanne Woodward, both of whom have leading parts in *Paris Blues*. Also at the reception were actress Ingrid Bergman and two top French pop singers, Yves Montand and Jean Sablon.

Another highlight of his trip was a dinner given for him by French composer Georges Auric. After dinner Ellington, Claude Bolling, Leo Chauliac, and Auric played one piano simultaneously.

Ellington also managed to squeeze in an interview with the New York *Herald-Tribune's* Paris columnist, Art Buchwald. When Buchwald asked Ellington how old he was, Louis Armstrong, who has an acting part in the film, said, "He's older than I am, and I'm 60." (Duke was born April 29, 1899; Armstrong July 4, 1900.)

Duke gave Buchwald a disarming smile. "I'm an up-and-coming performer," he said. "My career started at the Newport Jazz festival in 1955. And my biggest competitor is the Ellington of the 1930s and 1940s. I don't mind playing *Mood Indigo* and *Sophisticated Lady* for people who haven't heard them before, but look at it this way: Macy's has been in business for 50 years but they don't sell the same things they did in 1920."

Besides working on the movie, Ellington was commissioned to write music for a Jean Vilar production of *Turcaret*, a drama by Le Sage.

SUBSCRIPTION JAZZ ON THE INCREASE

When a group of Milwaukee jazz lovers got together to form an organization called Jazz for Moderns, to present subscription concerts, they hoped that the idea would spread.

How else could smaller communities be assured of seeing top jazz performers live?

The principle was similar to that on which the vast Community Concerts programs operate in cities throughout North America. The difference was that the Milwaukee group had to book its own artists directly, whereas lovers

of classical music have a choice of artists offered by the headquarters in New York.

But now all that may be changing, and a new organization called United Audience Service is offering American communities an organized audience plan that will make top jazz artists available to them. The organization is a division of United Performing Arts, Inc., which makes available concert and theatrical artists.

The organization sends out field representatives to help local communities form non-profit associations. Members are enrolled during an annual campaign. At the end of the campaign, enrollment is closed, and only association members may attend performances. No single tickets are sold.

The funds raised are deposited in a local bank. The entire sum—excepting local operating expenses—is used to book attractions for the year. Thus the programs have a sound financial underpinning, without guarantors or the risk of a deficit.

The attractions are selected by a local talent committee, on the basis of the money available. The greater the membership, of course, the wider the variety and the greater the number of artists that can be booked.

The jazz specialist in UAS is Julie Foster, dean of the summertime School of Jazz, at Lenox, Mass. Working with him is Jane R. Marks, director of field services.

Miss Marks says there is still the problem of an antipathetic public impression of jazz.

But UAS hopes to overcome this and other obstacles to develop a broad foundation of serious audiences for jazz artists.

A minimum of three concerts per season is requisite for the local association, and they may be soloists, small groups, or big bands, at the discretion of the local committee.

The first jazz season booked through UAS began last Dec. 9 in Dallas, Texas, when the Jack Teagarden Sextet played for the newly-formed Dallas Jazz Society. Five more events are scheduled for Dallas—the Duke Ellington Orchestra, the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and one other, as yet unselected.

Membership in the Dallas Jazz Society is set at \$5 for adults and \$2 for students under 21. Season tickets for the five-event series costs \$10 and \$7.50 for unreserved seats in McFarlin auditorium, on the campus of Southern Methodist university.

Anyone wishing to start similar organizations in other communities may write to Miss Marks care of United Audience Service, 10 Columbus Circle, New York City.

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MOVIE SCORERS OK NEW PAY SCALES

In Hollywood's so-called Golden Age of mammoth major motion picture studios, the movie composer independently sold his services and talent and worked for the best financial deal he could make with a studio. If lucky, he found a spot on the music staff and worked on contract and, if the fates smiled, regularly had his option picked up.

With the decline of the majors and the rise of independent production companies, the movie composer found he had to adjust to a changing industry. Gone was the music staff, and the contracted studio orchestra also became a thing of the past. Above all, the security of steady employment at a studio vanished.

In the growth of television, many movie scorers found a new source of income. In the case of Henry Mancini, TV brought a new career and an income unimaginable during his long years on the music staff at Universal-International studios.

As the face of the movie industry changed, the need for an organization of composers became obvious. In May, 1954, the Composers Guild of America was formed with chapters in Hollywood and New York. From the outset lyric writers were included; but in September, 1955, the organization clarified this fact by changing its title to Composers and Lyricists Guild of America.

The basic aim of CLGA was to establish itself as bargaining agent for composers and songwriters active in the film industry. More than 5½ years later, that aim has been achieved. CLGA membership has approved a minimum basic agreement between the organization and the major movie producers. A similar agreement with the independents is to follow soon.

Major points in this first collective bargaining contract:

- A four-year pact was signed retroactive to June 1, 1960, and extending to May 31, 1964.
- Weekly minimum scale for underscoring and songwriting music and/or lyrics is \$350 for composers and songwriters working on a week-to-week basis.
- For those employed on contract of 10 weeks or longer, the scale drops to \$325 weekly.
- CLGA members are recognized recipients of performing fees from their music and/or lyrics through their respective societies (ASCAP or BMI).
- CLGA agreed to waive demands for reuse payments or other revenues from the sale of post-1948 pictures to television in favor of producers' guarantees in writing of reaffirmation and protection of performance fees.



DRUMMERS!

When drummers get together, they usually start trading tips. A photographer found two master technicians, Buddy Rich and Joe Morello, in a cloakroom at the Rogers Jenco percussion exhibit in New York recently. Buddy evidently is doing the talking.

Guild officers elected for the 1960-61 term are (Hollywood) Leith Stevens, president; David Raskin, second vice president; Jerry Livingston, secretary-treasurer, and (New York) Elie Siegmeister, first vice president; John Gart, third vice president, and David Terry, assistant secretary-treasurer. Continuing in the post of special assistant to the president is composer Johnny Green.

... AND THEN BACK TO VEGAS

With laurel wreath of victory in the 1960 American Federation of Musicians Best New Band contest secured and \$30,000 worth of new instruments awarded to the musicians, the Jim Cook "kicks" band returned home to Las Vegas, Nev.

While the majority of his sidemen resumed their chairs in pit bands at the lavish hotels that dot the famed strip on the outskirts of town, leader Cook bussed himself with plans for his band's future.

His first step was the acquisition of veteran manager Sal Monte, until recently at the helm of the Harry James Orchestra. Accompanied by Monte, the saxophone-playing leader visited the Beverly Hills, Calif., offices of the major booking agencies. His reception, he said, was unanimously cordial. The three biggest agencies—MCA, GAC, and ABC—all expressed interest in booking the band, according to Cook and Monte.

Cook acknowledged that his sidemen are steadily employed in the hotel pit bands and, like himself, are settled down in Las Vegas. But he insisted that all have agreed to go on the road with the band "when a three-, four- or six-week trip comes up."

In line with his intention to make the gambling town home base for the band, Cook said he hopes to establish it there as a resident attraction "in one of the hotels" six months of the year.

"Having Las Vegas as an operating center for us," he said, "makes all the difference. With the fellows working the hotels, I can maintain the high caliber of musicianship I want."

While admittedly the home-base principle may assure the band's life, Monte stressed that Cook must "go out on the road to build the band's reputation."

With an initial album recorded for RCA Victor and marked for early release, Cook said plans for a weekly network TV band show emanating from Las Vegas should be complete early this year. The program's appeal, he said, will be to a youthful audience. In this connection, Cook will tie in a weekly series of teenage party dances in Las Vegas.

"I strongly feel," declared the leader, "that the years 1960 to '65 will be the era for new bands to emerge—if they're to emerge at all. The main reason for this is that the 'war babies' are growing up fast, and we've got to catch their ears with big-band dance music."

As the triumphant Cook musicians returned from the contest finals in Detroit, Mich., their victory gave rise to many a chuckle in the music business. One of the first prizes offered to the winning band was a two-week engagement in the lounge of the Flamingo hotel "on the glittering strip of fabulous Las Vegas."

SHARP EARS, MORE MONEY

One way musicians can protect themselves from abuse by record companies of the tracking practise is to keep their ears open.

Jazz reed man Herbie Mann recently discovered how the open-ear policy can pay off when he noticed something peculiar about a record he heard on the radio. The musical background behind singer Lorez Alexandria was disturbingly familiar. It turned out to be familiar because he had been a sideman on the date when it was recorded for entertainer Frances Faye several years ago.

Mann investigated and came up with some interesting conclusions to present to Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians. After the original tracking job for Bethlehem Records, the tape, he learned, had been requested for foreign use by the U. S. State Department, so that foreign vocalists might overdub their voices in their own languages. But King Records had acquired the original tapes in the meantime and used them with Miss Alexandria's vocals.

By AFM ruling, King Records had to pay additional scale for a triple record date to all the musicians involved and to arranger Frank Hunter. The company paid—and the checks arrived just before Christmas.

By BURT KORALL

George Russell is a quiet, determined man who has gone his own way for nearly 15 years, unharried by economic and emotional pressures, motivated strongly only to write worthwhile music.

He has persevered despite obstacles and lack of recognition, as drummer Max Roach once said, "because he believes in himself and what he has to offer."

In the fermenting '40s, Russell, aware of the shortcomings of his profession, ventured into the jazz-writing world and started to develop his ability from the seed, slowly and carefully, moving toward the day when a group of his own might be playing his works and even investing other pieces with his compositional attitudes.

It is true that for years, the name George Russell meant little to anyone not closely associated with the jazz scene. But now the name is a little less likely to be obscured, for Russell has his own sextet, and it is a logical extension of the composer and his thoughts. It could open new areas of jazz sound.

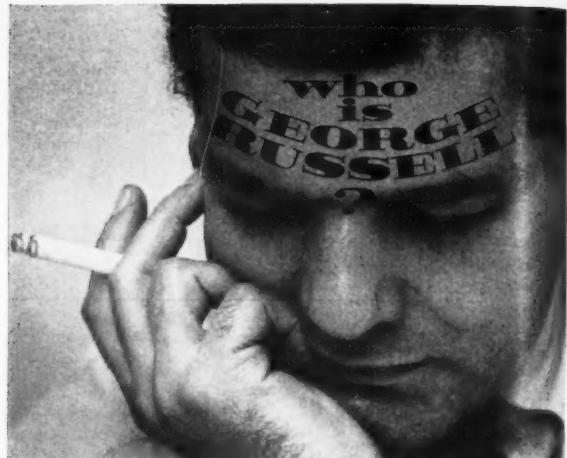
Its members—Don Ellis, trumpet; Dave Baker, trombone; Dave Young, tenor saxophone; Joe Hunt, drums, and Chuck Israel, bass—all have studied, formally or informally, with Russell and are conversant with his concepts and general approach to music.

Russell and the others do not seek the comfortable or the automatic, and they are not particularly concerned with what is called soul today. This is typical of Russell's single-mindedness and ability not to be swayed by modes of the moment. Russell fits well composer Gil Evans' evaluation of the man who has faced reality: "After making your peace with it, proceeding forward has more than its share of compensations."

Russell, as a youth, paid some dues as a musician before retiring into study.

"I came into music as a drummer, at 15, in 1938," he said. "The swing period was at its height; there was Duke and Basie and Lunceford and excitement in music. I played many gigs around my home town, Cincinnati, but mostly at the Cotton club. Two years later, at Wilberforce college on scholarship, I joined the college band, which was shaped by Ernie Wilkins. We played all kinds of jobs, even break-fast dances, and the exchange of ideas was invaluable."

Three years at Wilberforce were followed by a stay with the Benny Carter Band, one of the more formidable units of the period. "There were some wonderful players with Benny, and I learned a great deal," Russell remembered. "Perhaps the most notable of all was J. J. Johnson. His playing, even then, was remarkably advanced."



Johnson recalls Russell as a "a fine big-band drummer, with excellent time and imagination." The trombonist said he thought Russell would continue playing drums because he seemed so deeply interested in the instrument. But that was before Russell heard Max Roach.

"Max was nothing short of fantastic," Russell said. "He seemed to have it all on drums. I felt it would be ridiculous to continue playing, feeling as I did. I decided to pursue another course—to arrange and compose—and returned to Cincinnati to start all over."

Using the house band at the Cotton club as a lab for his writings, Russell slowly began to find his way, by trial and error.

"I never studied formally," he said. "There are too many dos and don'ts that tend to stifle expression. Only at those times when certain information was necessary or pertinent did I look into certain areas formally, i.e. atonality, Bartok, Stravinsky, Ravel, Bird, etc. . . . To be controlled by a concept or system born of another time and orientation, relating only peripherally to jazz or my needs, is implausible."

One of the first bandleaders to become interested in George's work was his old boss, Carter. In Cincinnati on a tour, Carter heard some of his ex-sideman's work and asked him to arrange one of the compositions for the band. It took Russell five months, but when the arrangement was delivered, it proved satisfactory, and Russell was recommended to Earl Hines, for whom he wrote before going to New York in 1945.

New York City was a spin of creativity. The modern revolution in jazz was at its height. Russell took a room on 48th St., four blocks from the center of things, 52nd St. He met and became closely involved with the key figures in the modern-jazz movement, among them Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Thelonious Monk.

"There was innovation in the air in those days," Russell said. "Everyone was reaching out; new ideas and adventurous thinking were respected. It was totally unlike the situation today. No one sought haven in the established, the secure. I became totally immersed in work. Dizzy formed his big band, and Tadd (Dameron), John (Lewis), and others, including myself, contributed to his library."

Then, illness temporarily halted the day-and-night activity that had been Russell's life. Hospitalized for 16 months, he took stock of himself and came to the realization, he said, that there was a lack in his work that could only be rectified by further study and self-examination. He embarked on an intense and lengthy investigation into tonality and emerged with the first elements of his Lydian concept of tonal organization, a concept that eventually will permit him, he says,

to deal with any musical situations with facility and understanding.

"I wanted to preserve my musical life," Russell insists today. "I felt that I had to find answers so as to be prepared to deal with every 'revolution' that came along. And what eventually began to emerge was a philosophy, a way of understanding the tonal resources of music."

"I must make clear that the concept was born of jazz and its needs. It isn't a system, but a way to think about music, which, when fully understood, lends a disciplined freedom to the composer and/or the improviser. It can't provide the intangibles—the up-from-the-inside cry of Billie Holiday or the emotional charge of Bird; it is only a tool with which to work. The final component—involvement of the human being on an emotional level—can make it complete."

The concept became the center of his existence. Russell said he felt he was on to something important. After leaving the hospital, he spent a year living with Max Roach, working steadily. Buoyed by a sense of progress and the promise of fulfillment, his investigations continued into the 1950s.

Russell wrote very little for public consumption before completing his thesis in 1953. But there were a few memorable compositions. *Cubano-Be* and *Cubano-Bop* was written for a Dizzy Gillespie Carnegie hall concert in 1947. "The work was warmly received," Russell said. "However, this concluded what I deem my 'experimental' period. I began moving toward something of my own and wrote less and less as the years passed. Only two compositions were completed in the next three years: *Bird in Igor's Yard*, for the Buddy DeFranco big band, and *Ezz-Thetic*, for Lee Konitz."

Four compositions, a number of arrangements for Claude Thornhill, Artie Shaw, and Charlie Ventura, plus participation in Gil Evans' informal composers conclave, which included Gerry Mulligan, John Benson Brooks, John Lewis, and Johnny Carisi, sums up Russell's music activities for six years, 1947 to 1953. This is not much to show for that span of time, but as Russell has said on numerous occasions, "I had not finalized my concept and felt ill-equipped to express myself fully."

By 1955, however, Russell was ready. Hal McKusick brought him to the attention of Jack Lewis, then jazz a&r head at RCA Victor, and spoke so warmly of his talent that Lewis signed him without audition. After contributing three compositions to an album of McKusick's, he fashioned an album of his own for small band, producing evidence that the years spent in seclusion had been worthwhile.

British critic Max Harrison, in his evaluation of this album, cut to the heart of the matter:

"The foremost impression this record gives is one of freshness—Russell is in a new tonal world (or a world of new relationships) which has nothing contrived or freakish about it, but, on the contrary, is natural, self-sufficient, and possesses enormous possibilities. The record demonstrates that, once one has mastered it, the Lydian concept, far from being a constricting discipline, affords a great freedom in a number of directions."

The seed had come to first flowering. Russell became a bit more than a name that seemed vaguely familiar.

He was engaged to write an original work for the fourth Festival of the Creative Arts at Brandeis college. The result, *All About Rosie*, recently rescored for the Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band, showed Russell to advantage once again.

"The piece is firmly rooted in the devices and procedures and commonplaces—using the term in the best sense of the word—of jazz, and it swings in the manner characteristic of the best modern ensemble jazz," wrote critic Louis Gottlieb.

"Closer examination, however, reveals that Russell used . . . folk elements only as points of departure and has

everywhere enriched and deepened them to produce an unexpected profundity . . . The main point is that Russell's lines, heard individually or collectively—horizontally or vertically—are hot music, and the harmonic march they create also swings."

It was about this time, the summer of 1957, shortly before he accepted a post at the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., that McKusick again spoke for him at a record company—Decca. The pattern repeated: a few compositions for a McKusick album, most notably *Stratusphunk*, and then albums of his own, *New York, N.Y.* and *Jazz in the Space Age*. Both are in his perspective, the first presenting the jazz orchestra in a truly modern, linear sense, breaking the barriers of tonality while retaining the earthy identities of jazz, the second introducing a homogeneous work, complete, flowing, utilizing many meters and what Russell describes as pantomime.

The music on both is intelligently yet emotionally wrought, the blend of the preconceived and the spontaneous making for a rewarding, refreshing brew.

The need to free himself from restricting patterns had resulted in the introduction of new harmonic and rhythmic ideas, a logical extension of the jazz language, and more expansive expression.

"Without the concept, all this would not have been possible," Russell said. "I now feel free to move with confidence. This past year, I came to the point where I no longer was content with merely recording. I had to have a tool at my disposal and formed the sextet. It is the ideal situation."

Of the group, Russell said, "We are out to prove that soloists can be orientated to play freely with or without chords. I want, and try to create the climate for, the players to reach for something more, to play out. This is not a play-it-safe kind of band. There is too much of that sort of thing around today. Much that is mediocre is perpetuated. This can only crush the spirit of jazz. We try to keep standards high."

"The old and new in jazz are combined in our work. We use the familiar, as well as new forms, which grow from within the idiom, making for, I hope, a stable perspective. I think the idea is valid. After all, we're trying to express life . . . You can't stay on one level or negate any kind of expressive technique."

"We are interested in applying ourselves to our music and developing the structure of each piece, taking cues from the emotional base set up by the material and the design we create."

"Ellington is the best example of this. Listen to his work, regardless of period, and you'll find development of material resulting from application and interest on his part and that of the band. When Duke writes a blues, for example, he does something new every time. It's like a fresh piece of music and keeps developing and taking on new life because of the orchestra."

Russell and the men in the sextet are not interested in types of music but with what they can bring to music. Like the man who sets the image of the unit, the George Russell Sextet is full of sound and movement and the emotions that are with us every day. The sextet is the culmination of Russell's career thus far. It feels good more times than not and can reach the listener, regardless of his experience.

"George is finally out there, playing fine piano, writing for immediate situations, living in music every day," said Gil Evans. "Now he can relax a bit more and make contact, and more important, be as diversified as he wants. Recognition . . . it has to happen for him and probably will before you know it. I don't see anything but better and better things for him. He's on the threshold."





TED WILLIAMS

IDENTIFIABLE LEE

By DON DE MICHEAL

How many jazzmen have traveled the world, been applauded by critics and musicians of all schools, enjoyed the adulation of fans, and participated in almost-countless recording sessions with some of the best musicians in modern jazz—all before reaching the age of 22? Lee Morgan has.

It's understandable that such an experienced young man might appear cocky and brash. And Lee does seem that way on first meeting.

But this is a shield to ward off the unwelcome—the gushees, the phonies, the climbers. When he sheds this protective coloring, he seems slightly awed by the attention given to him and his playing. He doesn't become a shrinking violet, mind you, nor is he falsely humble about his abilities. But, unlike many other young jazzmen receiving early and perhaps too flowery praise, he recognizes the problems and pitfalls of acclaim.

"I wish I were just breaking into things," he said recently. "Of course, I'm glad I got the breaks I did—I was playing in Dizzy's big band when I was barely 18. I got experience a lot of young guys don't get a chance to get. I made a lot of records, but it was a commodity thing. I wish I were just starting to record now. Overrecording affects a horn man more than a rhythm section man; the horn is the voice of a record. I haven't got that much new to say . . ."

By being on so many records in so short a time, Lee says, he has gained an "identity" among jazz listeners.

"But identity isn't the same as style," he said. "You can recognize somebody's playing, but it doesn't mean that person has a definite style. Dizzy, Miles,

Kenny Dorham, and maybe Thad Jones are the only modernists with an original style. I like a lot of other trumpet men, like Donald Byrd and Booker Little, and they're all good musicians, but they—and include me—we're all playing more or less alike."

Morgan's playing has been related to what has been called the hard bop school. He is working now, and has been for some time, with one of the hardest of hard bop bands — Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. But even though he feels he is of this school ("I'm an extrovert person . . . and hard bop is played by bands of extrovert people"), his playing has a melodic content not always present in other advocates of the Hard.

Lee's playing seems impish, and what might be called puck-a-puck-ish—that is it rolls along, not in ascending and descending pyrotechnics, but in an easy, loping way, nudging, warm, and logical. It floats around the beat, dropping accents in between. In ways, it's sort of a combination, or hybrid, of Clifford Brown's and Miles Davis' modes of playing.

It's not surprising, then, that two of his favorite topics of conversation are Brown and Davis.

"I loved Clifford, but I don't think I sound like him as much as I did two years ago," he said. "You know, Clifford and John Coltrane are so much alike—such a wealth of ideas and command of their instruments. Every time I heard Clifford, and now when I hear Trane, I get the impression that the doctor told them, 'You've got to play everything you know today because you won't get a chance to tomorrow.'

"And all this talk you hear about Miles being hard to get along with . . .

You can't play as beautiful as he does and not be beautiful inside. He always comes to see me when we're working in the same town. One night he walked in while we were on the stand, and I thought I was really playing good. He just kind of stared at me awhile and asked, 'Why don't you slow down?' Funny thing was, he was right. I listened to my records, and I was playing too much. You have to learn how to use space. If it hadn't been for Miles, I probably would still be trying to put in as much as I could get in a chorus . . ."

To accept and digest sound criticism, to recognize shortcomings, is the first step toward maturity. The second is to work on these shortcomings, and Morgan is doing this. He seems to be in a period of exploration, of self as well as music. The last vestige of cockiness and brashness disappear when Morgan speaks of his likes in music and the lines along which he is trying to develop. There's more than a hint of his being in the quandary common to a searcher.

"I love chords, but I want to play lines and pick out pretty notes," he said. "I like to hear a trumpet shout, and I also like to hear it in the middle register, like Miles plays. I think you ought to play differently on each song. For instance, on *Along Came Betty*, I play pretty; I'd be out of character if I shouted on something like that."

Writing is becoming more important to Morgan. He is the Messengers' music director ("that doesn't mean much, but I like it"). The fact of having other writers in the band, Wayne Shorter and Bobby Timmons, has served as a stimulus, rather than a crutch to lean on for new material.

But writing is still secondary to playing, in the Morgan scheme of things. He has interesting ideas for development:

"I'm trying to get so I can play like a saxophonist. I'd like to be able to make three-octave runs as they do, which means you've got to get a lot of practice in. Sometimes you can't because you're tired after working all night. But I dig playing, and in a lot of towns there's nothing to do but practice and look forward to going to the job at night."

With his hours of practice, his writing, explorations, Lee is not standing still to glory in his jazz "identity."

Vigor and determination are a vital part of youth. He has hurdled some of the obstacles to full inner expression, and others he has not. Still others have yet to appear. But with the strength that shows in his playing, Lee Morgan should overcome them. Then look out.

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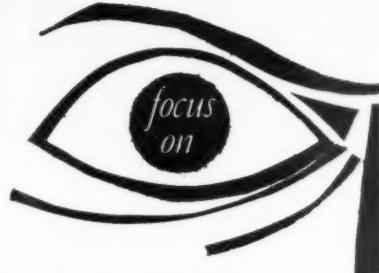
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PAUL HORN

By JOHN TYNAN

In earlier days of jazz it was fashionable in some allegedly responsible critical circles to overvenerate the hardy worthies who created tradition in their own time and owed little or nothing to formal musical schooling.

At the same time, the musically sophisticated jazz musician was regarded with squint-down-the-nose suspicion. It was an early manifestation of the lamentable tendency to place "sincerity" and "roots" above musicality and technical proficiency, thereby distorting esthetic values.

As in all the arts, basic craft training for the jazzman is indispensable today. Miles Davis attended Juilliard. So did Phil Woods and many of the newer crop of players. Johnny Mandel is an alumnus of the Manhattan School of Music, one of the many academies for burgeoning musical minds and talents.

In this connection it might even be said that there is a new breed of jazzman emerging today, a jazzman conversant with the classics, rooted in study and legitimate training. Personifying this new breed is 30-year-old Paul Horn, a thoroughly educated musician who can hold down a woodwind chair in any top symphony orchestra and, with equal aplomb, speak eloquently and authoritatively in a jazz voice considered by many to be one of the more significant developing. His competence cannot better be illustrated than by the fact that Duke Ellington recently chose Horn to fill Johnny Hodges' saxophone chair during the recording of *Suite Thursday*. Hodges was ill with an ulcer and hospitalized in New York City at the time of the Hollywood session.

A Phi Beta Lambda out of Oberlin Conservatory and an alumnus also of Manhattan School, Horn today finds himself leading an almost schizophrenic musical life. His bread-and-butter money flows from studio work in movies, phonograph recording, and television, but his kicks and really creative work as an improviser lie in his quintet, now disbanded for the time being.

With the vibraphist Emil Richards,

pianist Paul Moer, bassist Jimmy Bond, and drummer Larry Bunker, Horn has forged a unified and musically adventurous group that, for an extended period in 1959 and '60, found a home at Hollywood's Renaissance room.

Horn's ideas about music are reflected not only in the individual and collective playing of all the men but in the writing also. Generally this leans toward what the leader terms "modal jazz," i.e., jazz that attempts to free itself from the stricture of set chordal changes and patterns so that it may draw its substance instead from the linear mode employed in the writing.

Horn explains the direction his group is taking by declaring simply, "Jazz has to have as much variety as modern classical music." Thus, the turn to modal form of writing and improvising.

There is more to it than that, however. "The modal form," said Horn, "gives the player more freedom to improvise because he doesn't have to get involved in the changes. The conception is more melodic than harmonic. We



BARRY FEINSTEIN

PAUL HORN

relate everything to a scale rather than to a set of changes; a given tune, for example, might have only three chords."

Of the three modes in western music—Dorian, Hypodorian, and Phrygian—Horn and colleagues concern themselves chiefly with the Dorian, although the leader's *Mr. Bond*, written to feature the bassist, is in Hypodorian.

The modal principle, Horn pointed out, is quite ancient. "The ancient Greeks," he said, "started it, and Ravel used modes a lot in his writing."

Elaborating on the form, Horn explained, "There is a definite chord played but it arises from the mode. But instead of the melodies arising from the harmonies, the reverse is the case. The chord is the result of the mode, you see."

"Of course," he continued, "you don't always have to stick to the mode. For example, *Tall Polynesian* is partly modal, partly standard changes."

His personal reaction to working in modes, he said, is to "feel freer,

because after years of playing with changes you get into a rut. You find yourself playing clichés; your mind falls into set patterns. It's almost like an IBM computer—your mind tells you that such and such a set of changes is coming up, and you respond accordingly."

"Miles and Coltrane are two of the best examples of modal playing. And somebody who's been doing this for a long, long time—15 years or so—is Dizzy Gillespie. So thinking in scales is not a new idea; it's as old as music itself."

Richards, according to Horn, is responsible for their turn to this musical approach. "He was the first man in the group to discuss it with me," said the leader.

"Jazz today," said Horn emphatically, "is getting involved. For one thing, it demands a much higher technical knowledge of a musician. And people getting into it today don't have any choice—they've got to have the knowledge."

"But jazz doesn't have to get sophisticated—I don't mean that. It's still got to swing. I'm not trying to formalize jazz and take the swing from it. And I think our latest LP (*Something Blue*, Hifijazz J615) attests to this."

He shrugged and smiled, but his smile held a hint of frustration, and he added, "You know, it's funny to find there are people still around who think if a musician has schooling, it automatically makes him a lesser jazz player."

Then he quickly added, "But you don't learn jazz in school. You don't learn it; you have to do it. You have to go out and learn jazz by playing. Jazz is a way of life, and you have to learn about it on the street, so to speak. But the training comes in by giving you the tools to work with."

Horn stressed that he sees no "total answer" for jazz in a modal approach; in fact he concedes that modal forms can become as limited as other forms.

"We've found," he admitted, "that you can fall in a rut playing modal things all night, too. So, we want to experiment further, to find new avenues of expression. The Oriental scales, for example. I'd like to research those, too. Basically, what we're trying to do is to limit the harmonies, to put a hold on 'em. This gives the improvisation more freedom."

"In San Francisco recently I heard some musicians talking about the modal forms. They were saying that they were beginning to use this approach on their gigs."

"I think this is the direction in which jazz is heading."



MILES AND GIL—*portrait of a friendship*



By MARC CRAWFORD

In the southside Chicago home of his in-laws slumped a bathrobed, slipper-shod Miles Dewey Davis III with a bottle of Dutch beer on the table and Ravel's *Piano Concerto in G Major* coming from the stereo.

The dishes from the breakfast Miles had prepared (eggs and hamburger and tomatoes, garnished with salts of garlic and celery) rode at anchor in the kitchen sink, and almost forgotten was Miles' earlier refusal on the telephone to talk about his relationship with "Gil." At that time he had growled: "I don't like discussing Gil. I got too much respect for him to do that. It's almost like asking a man to discuss his wife."

But now Miles was relaxed, and pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli was sending him into several shades of ecstasy.

"Listen to those trills!" Miles ordered. The sound of them was sustained as though they had been made by an electrified instrument, and Miles sat there, his first and second finger aflutter, demonstrating how the effect was created. "You know," he volunteered, "Gil thinks like that."

The "Gil" of whom he spoke was, of course, Jeff-tall Gil Evans, who, with Mutt-short Miles, forms one of the most creative and productive friendships in jazz. Miles appeared lost in thought about the 48-year-old Toronto-born Evans, who wrote the arrangements for the celebrated Davis albums *Miles Ahead*, *Porgy and Bess*, and *Sketches of Spain*. Suddenly he picked up the telephone and long-disted Evans in New York. Miles asked him to catch the next jet flight for Chicago so he could hear Miles and his group at the Cloister and "just hang out."

Evans had said he would, and Miles settled back to await his arrival.

"Gil is my idea of a man," Miles said. "Say you had a friend who was half man and half donkey, and suppose he even wore a straw hat and you said 'Gil, meet George.' Gil would get

side. He stabbed the air with a flurry of vicious right and left hooks aimed at a hapless imaginary opponent. He had not been able that day to work out at Coulon's Gym, as is his Chicago custom, and he digressed to say he wished he had. Then he returned to his main subject: "Rachmaninoff and Ravel were 'way out—like Gil is 'way out. You know, my ambition has always been to write like Gil. I'd give my right arm to do it—no, my left one, because I'd have to write the notes down."

Words spilled freely from Miles now, which is rare, but then he was talking about what, to him, is a rare human being. "I first met Gil when I was with Bird, and he was asking for a release on my tune *Donna Lee*. He wanted to make an arrangement for a government electrical transcription of it. I told him he could have it and asked him to teach me some chords and let me study some of the scores he was doing for Claude Thornhill.

"He really flipped me on the arrangement of *Robins Nest* he did for Claude See," said Miles, placing his left hand on the table that suddenly in his mind's eye had become a piano, "Gil had this cluster of chords and superimposed another cluster over it." Miles demonstrated, covering the left hand with his right so that the fingers of the hand above fitted between those on the bottom. "Now the chord ends," Miles explained, suddenly taking his right hand off the piano, "and now these three notes of the remaining cluster are gone," he went on, removing the thumb, first and second fingers of the left hand. "The overtone of the remaining two produced a note way up there," Miles swore, pointing at the other end of the piano. "I was puzzled. I had studied the score for days trying to find the note

About the Writer

Marc Crawford is a 31-year-old journalist who, until recently, was an entertainment editor of *Jet* magazine while doubling as a foreign correspondent. He was at the same time a staff writer for *Ebony*. For *Jet*, he covered stories in Cuba, Formosa, Quemoy, Matsu (during the heavy bombardments), Korea, Japan, and the Philippines.

Crawford was born in Detroit, attended Texas Southern University in Houston, and is a member of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity. He fought in Korea and says he was "a professional soldier for seven years." It was partly at the urging of a friend, who said that he should do what he wanted to do, that he gave up his position at *Ebony* for the less secure life of the freelance writer. The friend was Miles Davis.

This is Crawford's first article for *Down Beat*.

up and shake his hand and never care what George looked like.

"You ask Gil a question—you get a straight answer. Like in New York, somebody asked him what he thought of Ornette Coleman's tonal organization, and Gil told him: 'That's Ornette's business. If it isn't good, he'll take care of it.'

Now Miles got up to flip the record to the Rachmaninoff *Concerto No. 4*

I heard. But it didn't even exist—at least, on paper it didn't. That's Gil for you.

"We've been friends since that first meeting. I got stranded once in St. Louis, and he sent me \$75. I bet he's forgotten it." The expression on Miles' face was fine—warm and rare. All the sneer was gone. Not once had he walked off the bandstand, this Miles Davis in bathrobe and house slippers, alone in the big house with his music. "He's my favorite arranger, yet he's never really made money out of the business."

Miles had finished his own bottle of beer and was taking back half of the bottle he had provided his visitor. "You know, in New York we go over to each other's house, but we don't drop our problems on each other. When Gil is writing, he might spend three days on 10 bars of music. He'll lock himself up in a room of his house, put a 'do not disturb' sign on the door, and not even his wife Lillian can come in. It's torture for her when he's writing. It's like he's out to lunch. Sometimes he'll get in there and play the piano for 12 hours. He's not only a composer and a hell of an orchestrator, he just knows instruments and what you can get out of them. He and Duke Ellington are the same way. They can use four instruments when others need eight.

"Listen to what Rachmaninoff is saying," Miles commanded suddenly, turning his attention again to the stereo. "Gil once said he would like to go to Africa and teach music just so he could hear all those African rhythms."

Now Miles was addressing himself to what Gil calls "a merchandising problem," which he claims has "nothing to do with music at all." Said Miles: "People always want to categorize music—jazz, classical. Put labels on it. But Gil says all music comes from the people, and the people are folk. Therefore, all music is folk."

"I used to write and send Gil my scores for evaluation. Gil used to say they were good, but cluttered up with too many notes. I used to think you had to use a lot of notes and stuff to be writing. Now I've learned enough about writing *not* to write. I just let Gil write. I give him an outline of what I want and he finishes it. I can even call him on the phone and just tell him what I got in mind, and when I see the score, it is exactly what I wanted. Nobody but Gil could think for me that way. He just has a gift of being able to put instruments together. Some people have it, some don't. Gil has it."

"He is as well versed on music in general as Leonard Bernstein. And what the classical guys don't know is what Gil knows. They don't know folks. Gil is always listening to Gypsy, South American, and African things.

Everytime he comes to my house, he's got some new record for me.

"Hey!" Miles laughed, "you know what Gil will do sometimes? You'll be playing one of his arrangements in 4/4 time and, all of a sudden, you'll come upon a bar of 3/2. That Gil is something."

Since early morning and continuing through a pot of neckbones and pinto beans he had cooked himself, Miles talked about Gil. The street lights along Michigan Ave. had been burning for hours when the phone rang. "That was Gil," Miles said, hanging up. Evans' jet flight had just arrived at Chicago's O'Hare field and he was now en route through town. Less than an hour later, the doorbell rang and silver-maned Gil Evans filled up the door with his six-feet-plus. "Hi, Miles," Gil said. "Hi," Miles said casually. It was as if Evans had been there all day—or at least, had gone out five minutes before to get a pack of cigarettes. Then they sat down and watched TV, with nothing more to say. "Look," Miles would mutter, pointing to the action on TV. "Uh-huh," Gil would answer. But that was all the conversation that passed between them.

The incomplete utterances explained something Miles had said earlier. "Sometimes when I'm playing, I start a phrase and never complete it because it isn't necessary. I have communicated the idea. Let's suppose somebody tells you something that bugs you and then asks your opinion about it. You might just say 'Aw!' and from the way you have said it, they get the message that you don't dig it." And in quite another vein, here was the scholarly, soft-spoken Evans and the sometimes volatile and always hard-spoken Miles Davis achieving absolute communication with the sparest of sounds.

Next day they watched football games on television, ate well, smoked, drank, talked, joked, and listened to music from other lands, joined by their wives, as in a family visit.

The day before, Gil had told me that he felt Miles was a "first-rate musician." "But," Gil said now, "that is what I felt yesterday. Today I feel he is a genuine artist and there are very few of them in the world today. I also think he's a pretty fine specimen of the human animal in most things he does. Today I admire his approach to life."

On only one thing does Evans seem to have his mind thoroughly fixed: "I only work for Miles and myself." He said he could not do anything he did not want to do, yet insisted he was a "commercial arranger," but only in the sense "that what I write is popular." And while Evans admitted that each

year, his income seems to wind up some \$500 under what his needs require, he rejects Miles' contention that he is just now receiving the acclaim his talents have long deserved. "I haven't been around music for 20 years just waiting to be discovered," Evans said, "nor am I a recent discovery. I am just now able to do the things I couldn't do before. My product just wasn't ready."

And, of course, Gil—christened Ian Ernest Gilmore Green by his Australian parents—is no novice to the musical world. He led his own band in Stockton, Calif., from 1933 to 1938. Skinnay Ennis later took it over, but Gil stayed on as arranger until 1941. Then he became musical architect for the Claude Thornhill Band, remaining with it until 1948.

Evans is a symphony of contradictions. Despite his vast knowledge of instruments, he never played one professionally until he took up the piano seriously in 1952. In recent years, he has been writing big-band arrangements—with no standing big band at his disposal.

In October, however, he resolved some of this contradiction with the formation of his own 12-piece orchestra. "I need a band as a workshop," he said. "In the past, I didn't get to be around a band but once a year, like when Miles and I are doing something. Before, I had to hear music in my imagination." Evans' band recently recorded its first LP, titled *Out of the Cool*, for the Impulse label. It was released late in January.

The gangling Evans, who strikes you as a cross between Gary Cooper and Henry Fonda, likes to talk philosophy, poetry, travel, politics—but rarely does so with Miles. Yet he insists: "We think alike." Their communication is on the music level. "We are complementary in that we are opposites," Evans said. "My inclination is just less extroverted than his. We both like the same kind of music."

Modern music's Mutt and Jeff, however, rarely sit down and say "let's do this type of LP" and then plan around their decision. For an example of how they work, take *Sketches of Spain*, of which Evans says: "We were just ready for flamenco music and fell into it. We don't have anything specifically planned at present, but we will be doing some more things."

The compatibility of these two diverse personalities was first evidenced in the late 1940s, when Evans helped Miles and Gerry Mulligan set up their historic nine-piece band. Ever since then, they have shared a common wish: to go on growing musically together.

All the evidence indicates that they will.



THE DOUBLE SIX OF PARIS



Mimi Perrin



The Six

Boyd Atkins' *Heebie Jeebies*, a hit tune of 1926, was waxed by young Louis Armstrong in Chicago on his second recording session with the famed Hot Five.

Armstrong was beginning to make a name for himself, and on that day in February, 1926, something was to happen in the Okeh recording studio that would help him immeasurably and add an innovation to the world of jazz.

Armstrong forgot the lyrics to *Heebie Jeebies* in the middle of his vocal chorus. Instead of stammering and ruining the take, the unconquerable trumpeter kept going, making guttural sounds phrased in the same manner as he played his horn.

Jazz historians date the discovery of the Armstrong "gravel voice" and the scat vocal style from that afternoon.

Scat singing—some will call it an art, and others will not be so charitable—has had a number of honorable practitioners through the years, culminating in the current Lambert-Hendricks-Ross Trio, perhaps the ultimate in this form. But the L-H-R success is due for a continental challenge soon in the shape of a French vocal sextet called the Double Six of Paris.

The formula L-H-R employs, and which is the foundation from which the Double Six works, can be traced back to Armstrong and the impetus he supplied for vocalizing changes seen in the works of succeeding jazz artists.

Blues singer Bessie Smith successfully emulated the phrasing of her accompanists on cornet and trombone. There is a similarity between the trombone sounds made by Jack Teagarden and his vocal offerings. Early in the late Billie Holiday's career she borrowed phrases played in back of her by such men as Lester Young and Buck Clayton. During the late 1940s, Ella Fitzgerald's rendition of *Lady Be Good* became a scat vocal classic. The only words heard on the record were the title words, and it featured her singing all the parts of a jazz combo.

The last two years have seen the emergence of Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross in energetic performances, making sounds like musical instruments with Count Basie arrangements and Basie sidemen as their chief models.

But Lambert - Hendricks - Ross no longer is alone in the field. The French group, organized in 1959 by Mimi Perrin, consists of six young jazz voices used as musical instruments.

Miss Perrin and Christianne Legrand (sister of bandleader-arranger Michel Legrand) are the female contingent in the sextet. They were members of the Blue Stars, whose French version of *Lullaby of Birdland* some months ago was its best-remembered record in this country.

Miss Legrand also has been seen and heard scat singing in the Brigitte Bardot film *La Parisienne*.

The male members include Ward Swingle (an American), Claude Germain, Jean-Claude Briodin, and Jacques Danjean.

The group's name is taken from the double duty performed by each voice in the complicated recording of jazz arrangements. An original instrumental arrangement is duplicated by the six voices singing the parts of six instruments. The voices are then overdubbed, singing as six other instruments, and to this is added the solo voices singing the original instrumental solos, while rhythm is provided by the only actual instruments used: piano, bass, and drums. (L-H-R uses the Ike Isaacs Trio with the same rhythm instrumentation for accompaniment.)

Capitol Records has introduced the Double Six to the U.S. jazz market on a newly-released LP. The French group swings *French Rat Race* and *Meet Benny Bailey*, both tunes composed by U.S. jazzman Quincy Jones, who had been around Paris most of last year with his big band. Both numbers have been previously recorded as jazz instrumentals.

French Rat Race features Miss Perrin singing the tenor saxophone solo originally played by the Basie band's Billy Mitchell. On *Meet Benny Bailey* (a tribute to trumpeter Bailey of Quincy Jones' Band), Miss Perrin gives her version of trombonist Henry Coker's solo, while Miss Legrand does an agile duplication of Frank Wess' flute solo.

This new group may give L-H-R a run for the money. The Six' assets include the supple sounds of the French language and the larger number of voices for more color and shading. 

TINTYPES

BY GUINDON

★ Dick Guindon is a self-taught cartoonist from Minneapolis who, while still in his early twenties, has developed the sharpest satiric eye we've encountered in a long time. Until his first cartoons were published by DOWN BEAT a few months ago, his work had never appeared in any publication of national circulation. Herewith, a gallery of jazz types as seen by Guindon.

1. THE EX-FAN



"I have all your 78 recordings, Mr. Kenton."

2. THE AESTHETE



"Why doesn't someone start a small jazz combo with strings that we can dance to?"

3. THE CRITIC'S CRITIC



"You fools! Leave Ornette Coleman alone!"

4. THE PATRIARCH



"Every man in our group could hold his liquor, spark the girdles, and fight like hell."

5. THE OH-ARE-WE-TALKING-ABOUT-JAZZ TYPE



"I think Ahmad Jamal has a weak right hand."

6. THE PHILISTINE



"Dope fiends! All of them! They have to use dope to play that kind of music. Have a pamphlet."

AHMAD JAMAL

■ A delightful listening experience. Violinist Joe Kennedy and guitarist Ray Crawford augment the Jamal trio to make up a stirring quintet. ARGO LP 673



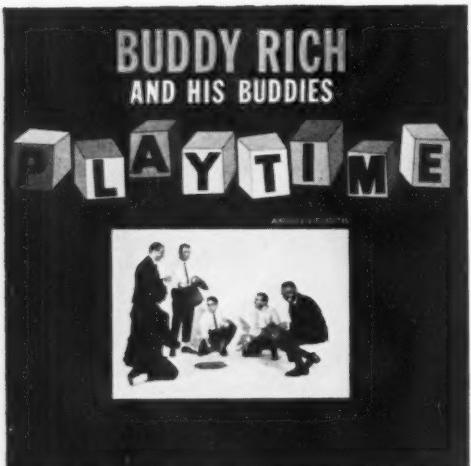
ART FARMER

■ Nat Hentoff best describes this remarkable Farmer outing. "This album is the fullest and most complete evocation yet of Art Farmer as a soloist." ARGO LP 678



BUDDY RICH

■ The brilliant drummer is heard here in a context that co-features vibist Mike Mainieri and flutist Sam Most. Rich has never been heard to greater advantage. ARGO LP 676



AL GREY

■ Romping, striding jazz from trombonist Grey and an eight-man contingent from the Basie band. Billy Mitchell and Joe Newman are among the soloists. ARGO LP 677



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in review

• RECORDS

• JAZZ RECORD BUYERS GUIDE

• BLINDFOLD TEST

• CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Frank Kofsky, Marshall Stearns, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers. Ratings are: ★★★★ excellent, ★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Lester Young

LESTER YOUNG IN PARIS—Verve 8378: *I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Oh, Lady Be Good; Almost Like Being in Love; Three Little Words; I Cover the Waterfront; I Can't Get Started; Indiana; Pennies from Heaven; New D. B. Blues; Lullaby of Birdland; There'll Never Be Another You; Tea for Two.*

Personnel: Young, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Gourley, guitar; Rene Urtreger, piano; Jamil Nasser, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★☆

Charlie Parker's recordings of *The Gypsy*, *Be-bop*, and *Lover Man* on Dial were examples of a man on the verge of a mental collapse. *Lester Young in Paris* is a portrait of a man dying. It was recorded March 4, 1959, 15 days before he succumbed to a heart attack after returning to New York City. Just as the Parker sides had their unsettling effect, these will shake you up, but in a different way.

Because of this record and the parallel with the Parkers, I listened again to Bird's three numbers for the first time in quite a while. His short chorus on *Be-bop* clearly shows the tension, but perhaps we were not as familiar with Bird's ballad style then, for, in retrospect, *Lover Man* is a hauntingly beautiful rendition. *The Gypsy* is played almost straight, which is strange in itself, but it is not incompetent, and what seemed to be halting playing in *Lover Man* was just Parker's way of breaking up a melody line as versions of *Don't Blame Me* and *Embraceable You* later showed.

The place where a player's state of being really is bared is in his sound. Parker's was strained, with a kind of apprehensive sadness never present in his great years that followed. On *Lester Young in Paris*, Pres cries. On some numbers, his emotional communication becomes so strong that it may move you to tears. Young always could express a combination of sadness and beauty, but the despair and extremely misty sound came only in his later years.

One of the saddest recordings I have ever heard is his version of *East of the Sun* for Aladdin in the late 1940s, which has been reissued on Score or Intro recently. It never fails to tear me up, but it is not nearly as far away as Pres is in this album. On some tracks, he holds his sound, although thin-piping and tearful, in reasonable equilibrium. Here his personal rhythmic construction and great lyrical sense win out, as on *I Didn't Know*. On others, such as *Lullaby of Birdland*, the precarious balance is destroyed, and

he moves in a light of the pathetic.

There are many parallels in this album. The one between Young and Billie Holiday is eerily apparent. If you know how much they resembled each other in style when he was accompanying her on the great string of records in the 1930s, compare them in their last efforts. Or if you want the documentation of the beginning and end of a career, there is a *Lady Be Good* here to be played against the 1936 version he made with Jones-Smith, Inc., his first record date.

Most of the songs that are played here have been recorded before by Pres, some in several versions. These suffer by comparison when you consider strength of performance. But there is an excruciating poignancy in *There'll Never Be, Almost Like Being*, and *Waterfront* that wasn't present in the earlier versions.

It is unusual for a jazz album to contain 12 tracks these days unless it is a reissue of old 78-rpm sides. Here, it actually helps the album. I'm afraid Young didn't have the energy to go on at great length anyway, and the discipline of the short solo seems to extract consistently fine work from expatriate guitarist Gourley and Frenchman Urtreger on piano.

The rest of the excellent rhythm section is made up of master drummer Clarke and strong and accurate bassist Nasser, known as George Joyner when he was in the United States.

The back liner contains a fascinating interview with Young, conducted by French writer Francois Postif. It originally appeared in Paris' *Jazz Hot*. A Postif postscript contains a vividly etched description of Young in Paris. "Lester had no illusions, no hopes; his life was even empty of souvenirs. He just trailed along like a shadow, acting indifferently. At 50, resignedly, he allowed himself to die without a fight, without complaining, like an old, sick, abandoned lion."

In these recordings, Pres is wraithlike—you can almost see an ectoplasmic mass hovering above—but you also can hear and feel the dignity and nobility of one of the greatest musicians America ever produced.

In a time when the genius of Charlie Parker is being overlooked by many of jazz' newer listeners, I'm sure that Lester Young means even less to them. It would serve them well to go back and discover him, not only in his Basie heyday but also the many fine things he did on his own after that. *Lester Young in Paris*, however, is really for those who knew Pres and his music. (I.G.)

CLASSICS

Bernstein/Berlioz

BERLIOZ—Columbia ML-5570 or MS-6170 *The Roman Carnival Overture* and excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet* (Love Scene, Scherzo, Queen Mab, Romeo Alone, Festivities at the Capulets).

Personnel: New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Leonard Bernstein.

Rating: ★★☆

Bernstein and Berlioz: it sounds as natural a combination as Benedictine and brandy, and it is. Like the sometimes ludicrous French genius, the conductor likes grandeur and romantic drama, both of which are plentifully evident in the performances on this disc.

Especially worthwhile are the generous excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet*. Fine orchestral work, richly reproduced.

(D.H.)

Julian Bream

GUITAR CONCERTOS—RCA Victor LM-2487: *Concerto for Guitar and Strings*, by Mauro Giuliani; *Guitar Concerto*, Op. 67, by Malcolm Arnold.

Personnel: Bream, guitar, with the Melos Ensemble.

Rating: ★★★★

Coincidentally with talk of a third stream music comes this intriguing disc from a most unexpected source: England. Malcolm Arnold, a 40-year-old Britisher who has dabbled in every compositional brook, including serialism, has written a guitar concerto for his fellow countryman, Bream, that is traditionally square at both ends and roundly bluesy in the middle.

It would be my guess that Arnold has been boning up on the guitar through the Villa-Lobos *Etudes* and the Castelnuovo-Tedesco *Concerto*. The Brazilian's arpeggio techniques and his penchant for repeated notes are especially evident. Malcolm's music, however, is strongly individualistic and broadly lyrical throughout.

Although the first and last movements of this work have pleasant points, it is the second, a long, throbbing lento, that slips into the third stream. It was "written as an elegy in memory of the famous French guitarist Django Reinhardt—a special hero of both Malcolm (Arnold) and myself," according to Bream's liner notes.

The theme, though not specified, turns out to be nothing less than *Lover Man*, sketched in against a weird background that is produced by traditional instruments but is reminiscent of electronic music. Quite beautiful in conception; the lento goes on long after it has milked the blues idea, and sometimes sounds like the background score for a television show based on the life of Reinhardt.

Still, this is a work that both classical and jazz buffs will want to study. Bream's playing is exceptionally good, and the

engineering gives his guitar a resonant fullness that nicely balances the ensemble. Less slurry portamento would suit the simplicity of the lento better, however.

The other concerto on the disc, Giuliani's, is a first-rate bit of Mozart idolatry, especially charming in the frisky polonaise that winds matters up. There are more such listenable ensemble pieces in the guitar literature, and Bream could perform a great service by making them available on discs. (D.H.)

Souzay/Schumann

GERARD SOUZAY—SCHUMANN—Epic BC-1110; Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48; *Sechs Gedichte*, Op. 90; *Requiem*, Op. 90; *Widmung*, Op. 25, No. 1; *Aus den östlichen Rosen*, Op. 25, No. 25; *Die beiden Grenadiere*, Op. 49, No. 1. Personnel: Souzay, baritone vocals; Dalton Baldwin, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Souzay's singing of the *Dichterliebe* (*Poet's Love*) is warm without being sentimental. While all the songs in the cycle are not perfectly suited to his voice, he reads more into the Heine text than anyone on the scene today except possibly Fischer-Dieskau.

The limitations of the Souzay baritone are emphasized in *Ich grolle nicht*, where he does not rise to the A, choosing the optional D that the composer thoughtfully permits. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Art Blakey

PARIS CONCERT — Epic 16009: *Moanin'; Justice; Are You Real?; I Remember Clifford; Just by Myself*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS AT THE JAZZ CORNER OF THE WORLD—Blue Note 4016: *Chicken 'n' Dumplings; M&M; Hi-Fly; The Theme; Art's Revelation*.

Personnel: same as above, except Hank Mobley replaces Golson.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These two albums cry for comparison and contrast. Both were recorded live; both exude the Messengers' approach—fire, spirit, and drive. But there is a quality difference, one not just the result of different tenor men.

The 1958 edition of the Messengers as heard on the Epic album recorded at Paris' Olympia Music hall, suffered from over-exuberance. Morgan was often wild and showed little of the restraint and good taste that has become evident since, especially in the 1959 Messengers (with Mobley). Golson had not mastered his instrument to the degree he has now, nor did he build his solos as logically as he does today. And Blakey, at least on the *Paris Concert* album, was intruding and overbearing, a disturbing tendency of his that he kept well in check on the Blue Note Birdland album. In Paris, he sounded as if he were playing for himself alone; in New York, he played for the group—a significant difference.

The franticism of the Paris record abates only periodically: when Timmons and Merritt solo (they are consistently excellent on both discs) and during Morgan's sensitive first chorus of Golson's Clifford Brown tribute.

The Birdland disc is another story. The

most striking difference, aside from Blakey's drumming, is the work of Morgan. In the time elapsing between these two performances, he had become more restrained and mature without losing any of his excitant abilities, and his playing had grace, shape, and logic. Another quality difference was Mobley, who was a much stronger and virile musician than Golson had been the previous year. Mobley's work was urging and, at times, rhapsodic.

The best tracks of the Birdland album are Ray Bryant's home-cooked *Chicken* and Mobley's *M&M*. Timmons has a fine bare-boned solo on *Hi-Fly*. Blakey's long solo on *Revelation* is excited and, interestingly enough, quite similar to his Paris outing on *Justice*, Thelonious Monk's theme based on *Just You, Just Me*.

These are two examples (1958 and '59) of the evolution of the Jazz Messengers. Now, if you really want to get a comparison-contrast bit going, play these and then play the Blue Note *Big Beat* album by the 1960-61 edition. Lots of luck . . . (D.D.M.)

Milt Buckner

PLEASE, MR. ORGAN PLAYER—Argo 670; *Don't Let the Sun Catch You Cryin'; You're Lookin' Good; Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You; Blue Prelude; Long Gone; Please, Mr. Organ Player; Sermonette; Round Midnight; Buck'n the Blues; Cry Me a River*.

Personnel: Buckner, organ; James Campbell, alto saxophone; Reggie Boyd, guitar; Richard Evans, bass; Maurice Sinclair, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Buckner's current group is operating in that poorly defined area that verges on

both jazz and rhythm and blues—although rhythm and blues of a high caliber—and it is the presence of the latter which causes the album to be somewhat of a disappointment.

This should not be construed as a put-down of rhythm and blues, which, under the proper circumstances, can be a groove. Still, in comparison with jazz, rhythm and blues, particularly in its instrumental manifestations, tends to be a limited (and limiting) form.

In any case, Buckner is capable of more than some of the simple riff tunes he essays here. Despite his reputation as a medium- and up-tempo swinger, his true forte appears to lie with ballads and slower blues. He gives such an unlikely candidate as *'Round Midnight* a treatment that can only be described by that much over-used adjective, soulful. *Don't Let the Sun* is likewise poignantly interpreted by Buckner, who uses one of his instrument's more "vocal" registers to very good effect. I would be interested in hearing what Buckner could do with an entire LP of such selections. (F.K.)

Buddy DeFranco

UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO STAGE BAND—Advance Guard 1001: *One Morning in May; Danny Boy; If You Cared; My Man's Gone; World on a String; Fancy Meeting Karen; Burnt Water; Intermezzo; Touch Me Softly; El Yorke; Folks Who Live on the Hill; All Through the Night*.

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Gordon Purson, Dick Beauchamp, Duke Pier, Ed Tucker, trumpets; John Cheetham, Larry Case, Jim Richards, Johnny Husler, trombones; Larry Sheets, Harvey Dove, Ben Jaramillo, Dave Hawley, Aria Chavez, Martha Beauchamp, Bruce Erdal, reeds; Richard Van

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, reissue, and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★ ★ ★ ★

Various Artists, (reissue) *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz, Vols. I-IV* (Columbia C4L 18)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Bob Brookmeyer, *The Blues—Hot and Cold* (Verve MG V-68385)
Odetta at Carnegie Hall (vocal) (Vanguard VSD-2072)

★ ★ ★ ★

The Count Basie Story (Roulette RB-1)

Harry Edison, (reissue) *The Inventive Mr. Edison* (Pacific Jazz PJ 11)

Teddy Edwards, *Teddy's Ready* (Contemporary 7583)

Benny Goodman, (reissue) *The Kingdom of Swing* (RCA Victor LPM 2247)

Jimmy Giuffre, *Western Suite* (Atlantic 1330)

Tubby Hayes-Ronnie Scott, *The Couriers of Jazz* (Carlton STLP 12/116)

Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart D8000) 4

John Lee Hooker, (vocal) *Travelin'* (Vee Jay 1023)

Etta Jones, (vocal) *Don't Go to Strangers* (Prestige 7186)

Philly Joe Jones, *Philly Joe's Beat* (Atlantic 1340)

Mangione Brothers, *The Jazz Brothers* (Riverside 335)

MJT+3, *Make Everybody Happy* (Vee Jay 3008)

The Genius of Gerry Mulligan (Pacific Jazz 8)

Joe Newman, *Jive at Five* (Prestige/Swingville 2011)

King Oliver, (reissue) (Epic LA 16003)

Horace Parlan, *Speakin' My Piece* (Blue Note 4043)

The Jazz Soul of Oscar Peterson (Verve MG V-8351)

Ma Rainey, (vocal) *Broken-Hearted Blues* (Riverside RLP 12-137)

Bill Russo, *School of Rebellion* (Roulette SR 52045)

Horace Silver, *Horace-scope* (Blue Note 4042)

Lightnin' Slim, (vocal) *Rooster Blues* (Excello LP 8000)

Rex Stewart and the Ellingtonians, (reissue) (Riverside 144)

Mal Waldron, *Left Alone* (Bethlehem 6045)

Muddy Waters Sings Big Bill (vocal) (Chess 1444)

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New and Tasty on Riverside, of course

Movin' Along: Wes Montgomery — A truly moving display of the incredible talents of the new giant of jazz guitar. (RLP 342; Stereo 9342)

Bev Kelly In Person — A remarkable "live" date that fully captures the warm, intimate sound of a great young singer. (RLP 345; Stereo 9345)

See What I Mean? Dick Morgan Trio — A richly soulful pianist turns Rocks in My Bed, Lil' Darling, Love for Sale & 5 others into blues-drenched personal messages. (RLP 347; Stereo 9347)

Eastern Lights: Lenny McBrowne and the Four Souls — The swinging and highly melodic new sounds of an excitingly different young quintet. (A Cannonball Adderley Presentation: RLP 346; Stereo 9346)

Other recent items of unusual interest from the star-studded RIVERSIDE list —

Stratusphunk: GEORGE RUSSELL Sextet (RLP 341; Stereo 9341)

That's Right: NAT ADDERLEY and The Big Sax Section (RLP 330; Stereo 9330)

JOHNNY GRIFFIN's Studio Jazz Party (RLP 338; Stereo 9338)

The Centaur and the Phoenix: YUSEF LATEEF (RLP 337; Stereo 9337)

Soul Time: BOBBY TIMMONS (RLP 334; Stereo 9334)

Blue's Moods: BLUE MITCHELL Quartet (RLP 336; Stereo 9336)

BUDD JOHNSON and the Four Brass Giants (RLP 343; Stereo 9343)

and the sensational new Sack o' Woe best-seller.

The CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet at The Lighthouse (RLP 344; Stereo 9344)



LENNY McBROWNE
AND THE FOUR SOULS

EASTERN LIGHTS

Under the leadership of the very talented

LENNY McBROWNE, this fine outfit of the

new young jazz talent is a definite

highlight of the year.

These three hard-hitting yet

affectionately nutty, seems to take advantage

of the best of both worlds in their unique

own unique galaxy of exciting jazz with

genuine jazz talent. This album is definitely a

must for all jazz fans who like a good

swinging, understated, infectious musically,

and energetic DANCE. Such a non-

sentimental gemstone & a very bright future for

© RIVERSIDE

Dongen, flute; Bob O'Boyle, oboe; Patty Lewis, bassoon; Wayne Sharp, French horn; Jim Bonnell, piano; Gerry Hauer, drums; Pete Schoenfeld, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is an important and exciting first. Issued on DeFranco's own label, it typifies what he has been accomplishing in his fast-growing series of "dance band clinic" appearances on campuses, playing with college bands.

I haven't heard enough such groups to know if the University of New Mexico's is typical, but I certainly hope so. Clearly you don't expect these young aspirants to display the finesse of Kenton or the beat of Basie, and on a blindfold basis the rating might be a more subjective two stars. But all things considered, they do remarkably well, covering a broad musical territory, ranging from material that I happen to find trite and boring (Provost's *Intermezzo*, Gershwin's *My Man's Gone Now*) to attractive originals by DeFranco, Pete Rugolo, and Pete Jolly and a good selection of standards—all arranged by a professional, Bill Rhoads, who made sure that his writing was neither too simple to be an interesting challenge nor too complex to be playable. The ensembles are expertly played, in tune, only the rhythm section falling below first-rate professional levels.

Nelson Riddle, who wrote the liner notes, comments: "Should groups such as this . . . be given an opportunity to express themselves, a new generation of fine players could well be on the way up." As he also says, "Buddy DeFranco's clarinet sparkles in its melodious, self-assured, inventive way, serving as an inspiration not

only for the student musicians who back him so marvelously . . . but for young hopefuls throughout the country . . ."

Recommended without reservations both to other tyro musicians and to older listeners looking hopefully to the next generation.

(L.G.F.)

Dutch Swing College Band

12 JAZZ CLASSICS—Perfect 12038: *Ice Cream; Memphis Blues; Take Your Pick; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Tennessee Waltz; Rock; March of the Indians; Marina; I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll; Black and Tan Fantasy; Tiger Rat; You Don't Know How Much You Can Suffer; High Society.*

Personnel: unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

These tunes are done in a roundhouse of early jazz styles by a group that needs the anchor of experience. This group does play with warmth and enthusiasm, and the individual musicians have obviously spent much time studying various forms of early jazz, but they sound as if they've just discovered how to swing and as if they've just discovered the joy of playing through the easy-flowing changes of these tunes.

There is also a determined effort to sound "correct," and the result, consequently, is a surface kind of jazz that is sometimes stiff, sometimes rampant. But it is not at all unpleasant, and perhaps its real significance is that it is still another sign of the healthy, spreading vigor of jazz in Europe.

Ice Cream has a startling Harlem-styled piano solo sandwiched between latter-day New Orleans types of ensemble. *Walk with Thee* moves indifferently until the final chorus when the band begins to get the feel of the ensemble. There is a real at-

tempt to capture the Ellington sound on *Black and Tan*, and the clarinetist, who sounds odd and unswinging on *Marina*, has sensitive solo parts here and on *You Don't Know*.

This album doesn't quite make it, but the knowledge, heart, and strength here promises better things to come. (G.M.E.)

Art Farmer-Benny Golson

BIG CITY SOUNDS—Argo 672: *The Cool One; Blues on Down; Hi-Fly; My Funny Valentine; Wonder Why; Con Alma; Lament; Bear Bag; Five Spot after Dark.*

Personnel: Farmer, trumpet; Golson, tenor saxophone; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Cedar Walton, piano; Tommy Williams, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

In the seven months between the Jazztet's first LP and this second release, the entire personnel was reshuffled, nobody remaining but the leaders. None of the changes seems to have been for the worse, and one or two may have effected a definite improvement, judging by the present evidence.

The success of the group is an interesting phenomenon, for its relies neither on odd instrumentation nor on innovations in arranging and playing. The three-horn ensemble sound is a conventional one, and Golson's writing, though excellent within these limitations, doesn't seem to give him the maximum opportunity for stretching out.

Most of the Jazztet's value, then, lies in the virtues of its soloists, though their presentation in a skillfully planned setting, rather than in rambling ad lib excursions of arbitrary length, is an added plus factor. Farmer, in a deftly conceived treat-

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ment of *Funny Valentine*, shows again that he was the man for whom the word "lyrical" was invented. And Benny's I-remember-Ben-Webster sound is as endearing as ever.

Of the new members, the rhythm men acquit themselves creditably, and McIntosh, playing J. J. Johnson's *Lament*, turns in a melodic performance that reveals him as a newcomer of exceptional promise.

Dizzy Gillespie's *Con Alma*, which seems to lend itself well to the three-part voicing, is the best-written track. *Bean Bag*, a flimsy riff tune, has exciting work by the leaders but is spoiled by a long drum solo that was meaningless to me. Williams plays admirably in the introduction to the restrainedly swinging *Five Spot*. (L.G.F.)

Bill Holman

BILL HOLMAN'S GREAT BIG BAND—Capitol 1464: *Shadrack*; *The Moon Is Blue*; *Quickstep*; *In a Sentimental Mood*; *Stereoso*; *Juno Is Busting Out All Over*; *Old Man River*; *Lush Life*; *Spinnet*; *Speak Low*; *The Gentleman Is a Dope*.

Personnel: Al Porcino, Ray Triscari, Conte Candoli, Lee Katzman, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, Lew McCrory, Kenny Shroyer, and Vern Friley, trombones; Vince DeRosa, John Cave, French horns; Richie Kamuca, Bill Perkins, Bill Holman, tenor saxophones; Joe Maini, Charlie Kennedy, alto saxophones; Jack Nimitz, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Joe Mondragon, bass; Milt Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Holman's service with Stan Kenton appears to have affected him strongly, because his writing for his own big band is infected with some of the heaviness and starchiness that has been associated with Kenton for so many years.

At its best (a piece called *Stereoso*), this collection manages to rise to a level that could be equated with a dull performance by the present Basie band. The heavy hand of studio monotony hangs over the set, lightened only occasionally by the solo work of Holman and Rosolino and, in one bright, brief appearance, by Maini.

What one misses most as these pieces grind on their laborious way is some indication of jazz feeling. The ear leaps gratefully when a soloist emerges from the routine ensembles, but even then there is no certainty of any sustenance. (J.S.W.)

Clifford Jordan

SPELLBOUND—Riverside 340: *Toy*; *Lush Life*; *Moon-a-tic*; *Spellbound*; *Hot Water*; *Last Night When We Were Young*; *Au Private*.

Personnel: Jordan, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

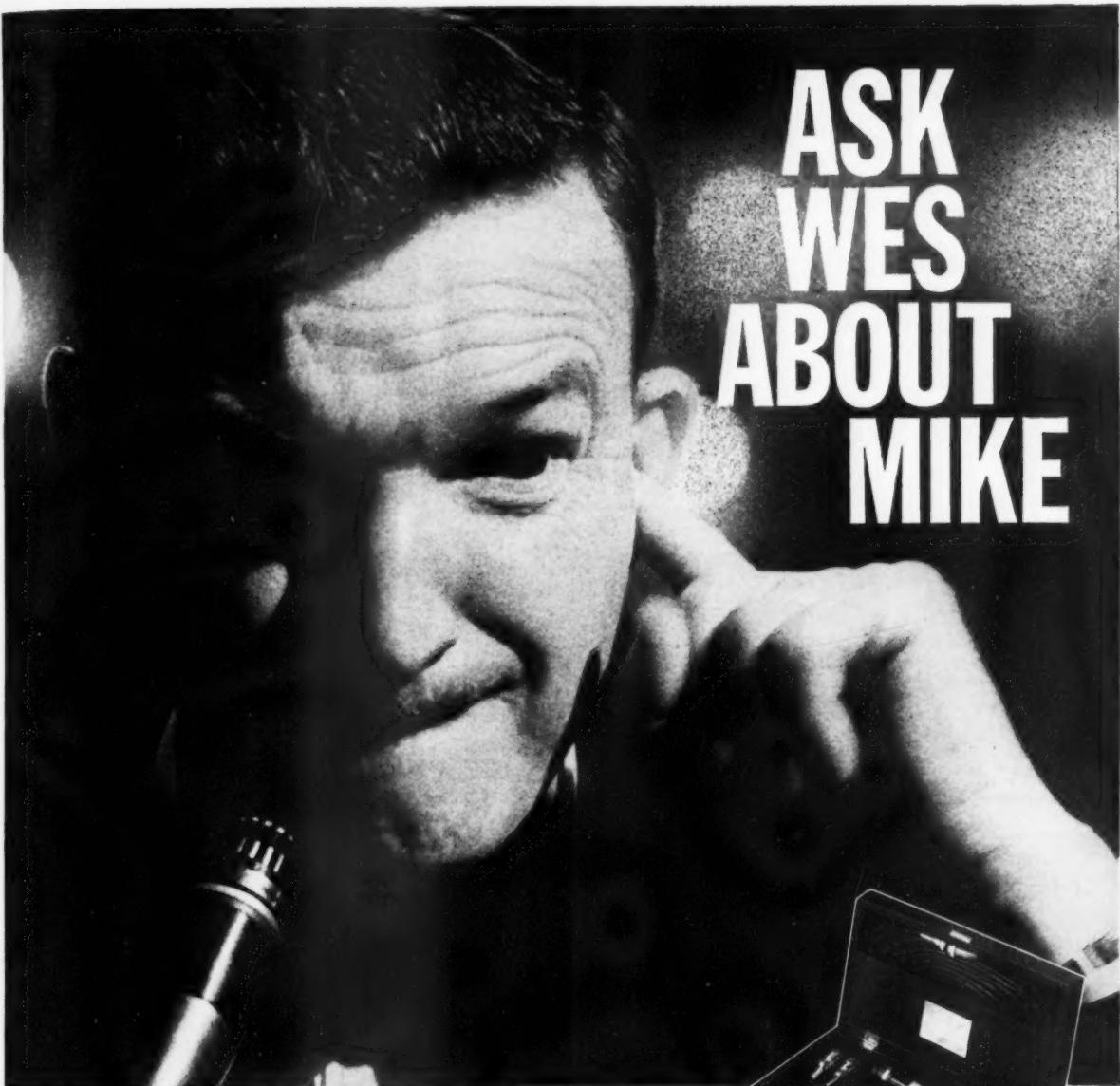
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Jordan's initial recorded appearance a few years back demonstrated his heavy indebtedness to Sonny Rollins. Of late, he has been integrating contributions from John Coltrane into his style—especially in his writing—but Rollins continues to be the dominant influence.

The rhythm section here is composed of three of Jordan's former mates from the recently disbanded J. J. Johnson Sextet. Led by Heath's crisp drumming, they fuse into a tight Miles Davis type of unit, providing Jordan with just the driving support that his style demands.

Not all of the tracks are of the same value, the best being those in which the ever-present specter of Rollins is relegated to the background and Jordan goes for himself. Hear, in this connection, *Toy*,

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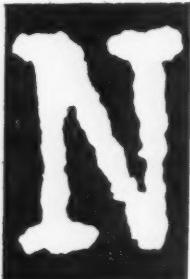
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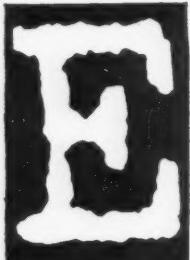
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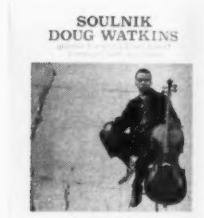
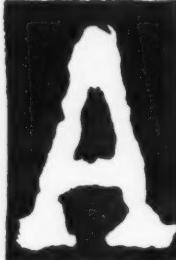
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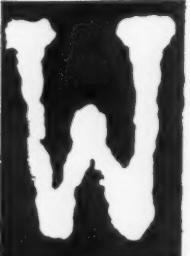
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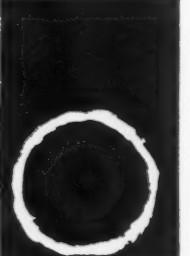
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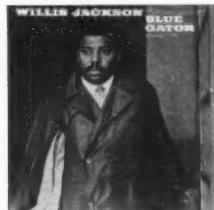
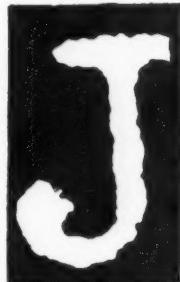
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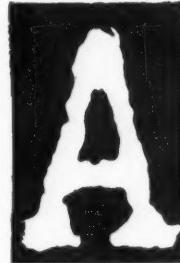
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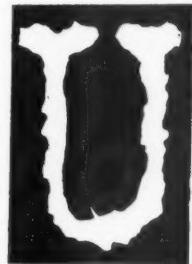
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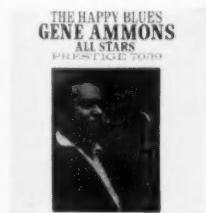
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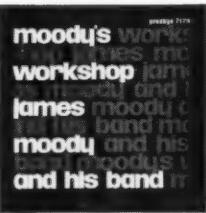
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which makes excellent use of alternating passages of pedalpoint and straight 4/4; *Lush Life*, intriguingly taken in waltz meter, and the lovely ballad, *When We Were Young*.

The other selections are, on the whole, good, even, at times, exciting—but they could have been better had Jordan dispensed with the warmed-over Rollins-isms and given us more of his own ideas.

Incidentally, if Jordan's *Spellbound* seems familiar, you're right; it is in fact Coltrane's *Moment's Notice* with a slightly altered melodic line. (F. K.)

Barney Kessel-Ray Brown-Shelly Manne

EXPLORING THE SCENE — Contemporary 3581: *Little Susie; The Duke; So What?; Misty; Doodlin'; The Golden Striker; Li'l Darlin'; The Blessing; This Here.*

Personnel: Kessel, guitar; Brown, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The premise here is an increasingly popular one: tributes to big jazz names via interpretations of their compositions. In some instances, listening to the new versions, one is reminded that the substance of the original works was less important to its success than the manner in which they were performed. Good though they sound here, they lose their basic personality because a radically different instrumentation or style of playing was an essential part of the earlier version's value.

This is true of *Susie* and *Doodlin'*, each of which, removed from its context, becomes just another blues; of *The Blessing*, an Ornette Coleman opus which the Poll Winners play somewhat un-Ornettishly, and of *So What?*, to which they lend a new character in this attractive treatment with Manne introducing two odd instruments, a lujon and a mbira. (Best mbira work I ever heard.)

The other tunes—*The Duke*, *Misty*, *Li'l Darlin'*, and to a lesser degree, *This Here*—have enough intrinsic melodic value to retain much of their identity in any version. Comparisons aside, all eight tracks are performed with skill and sensitivity. Such is the mutual feeling among the men that this could be called the best one-piece trio in jazz. The ternary groove achieved on *This Here* is a special delight.

Although the instrumentation tends to pall after a while (a piano added on every other track would have helped a lot) and despite the deliberately second-hand nature of the program, it's an elegant set, up to the standards now expected of these artists. (L.G.F.)

Shelly Manne

AT THE BLACK HAWK, VOL. III—Contemporary 7579: *I Am in Love; Whisper Not; Black Hawk Blues.*

AT THE BLACK HAWK, VOL. IV—Contemporary 7580: *Cabu; Just Squeeze Me; Nightingale; A Glimpse from Tiffany.*

Personnel: Manne, drums; Joe Gordon, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Victor Feldman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

These are only a hair short of a three-star rating, for there are many admirable moments in both sets. Two factors hold down the assessment: first and foremost, the excessive length of the tracks, which run from 9½ minutes to an entire 18-minute side—far too long to sustain the interest with familiar brands of blowing and instrumentation; second, the in-person

element, which admittedly assists in terms of spontaneity but tends to remind, every once in a while, that in the studio another take would have been in order. (For one thing, nobody seemed to know the release of *Squeeze Me*; on the ensemble choruses it sounds like Confusion, Inc.)

Kamuca and Gordon have many lyrical moments, and Feldman, sometimes seemingly on a Red Garland kick, is excellent, with Manne and Budwig sustaining the beat impeccably.

I can understand Manne's desire to let the men stretch out, but from the listener's standpoint this much extension on a simple 12- or 32-bar base produces a squirrelly atmosphere.

And I think Shelly would be the first to contest the absurd blurb, in the Vol. III notes, that this series represents "a perfect climax to 42 years of jazz (recording)." Wow! The same notes, by the generally informative Phil Elwood, speak of the "waltz-like atmosphere" of *Whisper Not*. What is this? If it ain't in three, man, it's in four, and *Whisper Not* is in four. On the other hand *Squeeze Me* is done, surprisingly, as a waltz.

If you don't have my reservations about long ad lib tracks, and can't afford both sets, take Vol. IV. *Cabu* cooks like crazy. (L.G.F.)

The Mastersounds

SWINGING WITH THE MASTERSOUNDS—Fantasy 3305: *Golden Earrings; People Will Say We're in Love; There Is No Greater Love; West Coast Blues; Medley: I've Never Been in Love Before; Don't Blame Me; I Could Write a Book.*

Personnel: Buddy Montgomery, vibraphone; Richie Crabtree, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Benny Barth, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album is a result of a reunion of the Mastersounds in the summer of 1960. Unlike most reunions of once-popular groups, this one comes off better than the LPs that helped establish the group's popularity. It's as if the six months or so between the breakup of the Mastersounds and the cutting of this date was a period of regeneration and reflection for each member.

Since it's first records, the group has been compared—usually unfavorably—with the Modern Jazz Quartet. This has been unfortunate, because even though there's a resemblance between the two groups, the Mastersounds display, on this LP, something that the MJQ lacks or, rather, has chosen not to emphasize of late: fire. But on the other hand, the MJQ has more depth and subtlety.

This album does differ somewhat from the Mastersounds' previous work. Their work of a couple of years ago was often overarranged. In this release, while Buddy Montgomery has nicely arranged the tunes, the scores are secondary to the blowing. And the blowing is good and strong. Especially Buddy's.

Buddy's position in jazz is analogous to Sonny Stitt's. Both are accused of being imitations of someone who's supposed to be the real thing. In Stitt's case it's Charlie Parker, in Montgomery's Milt Jackson. And like Stitt, Buddy resembles the man he is supposed to be a carbon copy of. But in both cases it is only a resemblance.

The similarity between Jackson and

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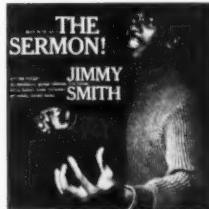
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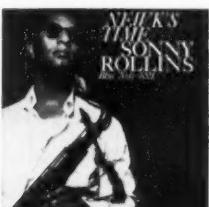
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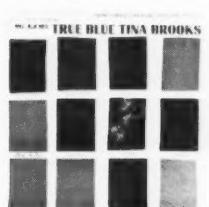
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Montgomery is closest on ballads. Witness *No Greater Love* in this collection. It is on up tempos, however, that the basic difference between the two men crystallizes. Montgomery plays much more pianistically than Jackson. His long-limbed phrases, if transferred to piano, would sound like, say, Barry Harris. Jackson's, if transferred, would still sound like Jackson.

Although Buddy is the outstanding soloist (he is particularly exciting on *Earrings* and *People*), Crabtree is no slouch. He is a pianist with a firm, almost classical, touch and ample technique plus ideas. A fault noticeable on this album, however, is a slightly rigid rhythmic approach, and his *Never Been* solo is a bit cocktailish and ends ponderously. But on the whole, his work is rewarding.

One of the things that make this a "different" Mastersounds' album is Monk's use of a regular bass in place of the electric he used previously. I, for one, don't miss that electronic sound one whit. The widely held belief that an electric bass does not have the guts of an upright bass would seem to be borne out on this album. Monk and the beat sound firmer and more solid. He and Barth provide sympathetic and driving support to Buddy and Crabtree, as well as contributing good solos, Monk on *Blame* and Barth on *People*.

It's not necessary or even fitting to mourn the passing of the Mastersounds, since all the members seem to have profited by the breakup. At least, the divorce has resulted in an album of vigor and more than passing interest. (D.DeM.)

Howard McGhee

MUSIC FROM THE CONNECTION—Felted 7512: *Who Killed Cock Robin?*; *Wiggin'*; *Music Forever*; *Time to Smile*; *Theme for Sister Salvation*; *Jim Dunn's Dilemma*; *O. D.*

Personnel: McGhee, trumpet; Tina Brooks, tenor saxophone; I. Ching, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

At the outset one might think that the requirement of writing a jazz score to be integrated into the dramatic action of a play would prove constraining for the composer. Perhaps so, but it also could prove to be a rewarding challenge for a jazzman of stature.

Consider: each piece should convey a different set of ideas, feelings, emotions, etc., so that a certain amount of diversity, of necessity, must prevail. On the other hand, there must be an underlying musical unity if dramatic continuity is to be preserved.

As anyone who has heard the Freddie Redd-Jackie McLean recording of the music from *The Connection* (Blue Note 4027) knows, Redd was more than equal to meeting the challenge. His is a virile and distinct compositional style. Given free rein to score *The Connection*, he produced a unified suite of genuine jazz originals.

What, then, of this LP? The obvious thing is to compare it with the composer's own album. In such a comparison the McGhee version, while good enough as a blowing session, emerges decidedly second best.

The crux of the comparison seems to be that by virtue of playing these compositions night after night in *The Con-*

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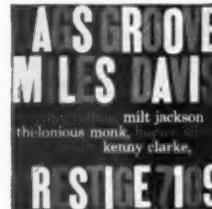


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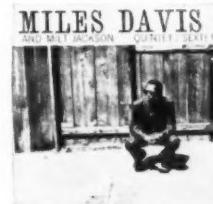
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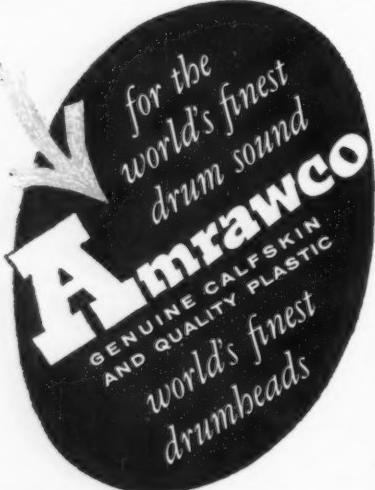




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nection, Redd and McLean have been able to impart to each piece a specific emotional content, over and above its chord sequence.

Conversely, this sense of familiarity and personal involvement with the music is generally absent from the McGhee LP. There are sloppy ensembles and frequent fluffed notes. Of the five men on the date, Brooks (himself a quondam musician in *The Connection*) and I. Ching appear to have grasped the spirit of the music best.

One final point. Alan Lorber, who wrote the liner notes for the McGhee album, really must have dug Ira Gitler's excellent notes for Redd's LP—because he copied them almost verbatim. (F.K.)

Blue Mitchell

BLUE'S MOODS—Riverside 336: *I'll Close My Eyes; Avars; Scrapple from the Apple; Kinda Vague; Sir John; When I Fall in Love; Sweet Pumpkin; I Wish I Knew.*

Personnel: Mitchell, trumpet, cornet; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Reviewing Mitchell's last LP, Ralph Gleason wrote, "Blue Mitchell is becoming more and more of an individual voice..." I'm rather inclined to agree.

For one thing, Mitchell is a thoughtful musician, more so than might be apparent from his work with the Horace Silver Quintet, in which he has a predominantly shouting role. His playing, moreover, reflects the attainment of a measure of self-assurance and restraint, hallmarks both of the mature artist.

These qualities show up in little, but significant, touches. For instance, Mitchell is able to play a ballad such as *When I Fall in Love* without having to resort to double-time as a crutch. This is the more difficult way, but it's just that much more effective when properly done.

With the exception of *Kinda Vague*, which has a nervous figure in the bass that lends the entire track an unsettled air, Mitchell has the advantage of receiving first-rate rhythmic support. In particular, Kelly, that unfailing paragon of swing, melodic line, and good taste, is superb; he seems well on his way to becoming the Hank Jones of the '60s. (F.K.)

The Modest Jazz Trio

GOOD FRIDAY BLUES—Pacific Jazz 10: *Good Friday Blues; Willow, Weep for Me; I Remember You; Bill, Not Phil; When I Have You; I Was Doin' All Right.*

Personnel: Jim Hall, guitar; Red Mitchell, piano; Red Kelly, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In this day of trends and fads, where the jazz we hear is contrived in many instances, this is a revelation. Perhaps it is all the more warming because it is accomplished within the context of a trio. The piano-bass-drums trio often seems to be a vehicle for slickness and all other similar faults attributable to the conscious attempt to "sell."

Here, the music just flows out a stream of genuine emotion from three artists who obviously enjoy playing for the sake of playing. They are grooving themselves but not in a way that excludes the audience. This surrounds the album with a feeling that defies rating by stars. It exemplifies the best kind of honest jazz expression.

Hall, Mitchell, and Kelly are *en rapport* all the way. The "fours" between guitar

and piano on *Bill, Not Phil* and, especially, *I Remember You* build beautifully as they unfold.

This is the first time Hall has really stretched out on record, and it is his best work to date. He gets a pure, natural sound that has none of the drawbacks of an amplified instrument.

On *Good Friday* and *Willow* he is appropriately more earthy but not so much as to distort his basic personality. You may find a similarity between Hall and Jimmy Raney on Mitchell's lovely *When I Have You*. In the main, however, his spinning out of singing, single lines shows him off as an individual and one of the important jazz guitarists.

Mitchell is one of the great bassists. He is also a very fine piano player, who not only thinks melodically but economically. Knowing when and when not to play is a Mitchell attribute. His rhythmic sense, and the way he incorporates his personal touch with this accenting, leads to a unique swing.

Kelly has the strength of a benevolent genie. He does everything asked of him as rhythmic complement and contributes some good solos, too.

The Modest Jazz Trio is an apt name for these three. When you play this, the music does all the talking that is necessary and then some. (L.G.)

Kid Ory

THE ORIGINAL JAZZ—Verve 1023: *Baby Face; Spanish Shawl; Ida; Down by the River-side; Sweet Lorraine; The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise.*

Personnel: Marty Marsala, trumpet; Ory, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Cedric Haywood, piano; Frank Haggerty, guitar; Charles Oden, bass; Earl Watkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

While so many other traditionalists go tramping off through the cornfields, Ory manages to keep his groups honest and alert. The Kid himself turns in some of his happiest performances in this set—the basic and expected Ory huffs and puffs compiled this time with unexpected lyricism so that what often comes out as only prodding momentum has a lifting and enlivening quality, too.

The clear, crisp, punching trumpet of Marsala adds more of this same quality, and although Howard's solos are disappointingly thin, he fills his role in the ensembles expertly.

The rhythm section achieves the remarkable feat of suggesting that solid, weighty beat that Ory likes but keeping it light and relaxed so that the plodding sensation that frequently afflicts such sections is avoided.

Ory's last few albums have been notable for the adventurousness (for a traditionalist) of his programming. This one follows that recent pattern, balancing a real warhorse (*Down by the Riverside*) with such frequently heard pieces as *World Is Waiting* and *Sweet Lorraine* and such fresh material as *Spanish Shawl*, a delightful old tune, and the sprightly *Baby Face*.

The only real drag about this set is the fact that all the pieces are stretched out far beyond the group's ability to do anything interesting with them. A little more variety in tempos would have helped, too. (J.S.W.)

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(J.S.W.)

Jimmy Smith

CRAZY! BABY—Blue Note 4030; When Johnny Comes Marching Home; Makin' Whoopee; A Night in Tunisia; Sonnymoon for Two; Mack the Knife; What's New?; Alfredo.

Personnel: Smith, organ; Quentin Warren, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★

Organ has such negative connotations to me (weddings, funerals, inept church organists, rock and roll, cocktail lounges, soap operas, and community singing) that I've found it hard to accept seriously in jazz.

Smith has been one of the few organists to ameliorate what is admittedly a prejudice. Shirley Scott and Jack McDuff have helped, too. Still there is a risk of being concerned more with the instrument (whether positively or negatively) than with the music produced by the player. So leaving aside the fact that Smith is an exceptional player of the instrument, I listen to his ideas and put my prejudices away.

What I find is that on this album Smith is not very inventive. His playing is strong rhythmically and gets a happy feel, but great musical invention? No.

Smith's grandstanding on *Mack* and theatrics on *New* strike me as pointless. His short, punchy phrases on *Johnny*, *Alfredo*, and *Sonnymoon* generate lots of fire and excitement but little light. His best effort is *Whoopee*, in which he puts together a well-constructed solo, although that wobble-wobble vibrato is unnerving. Nothing really new is played on *Tunisia*.

Young guitarist Warren has little solo space but does well on *Johnny* and *Tunisia*. Bailey keeps good time.

Mark one for Smith fans. (D.D.M.)

René Thomas

GUITAR GROOVE—Jazzland 27: Spontaneous Effort; Ruby, My Dear; Like Someone in Love; M.T.C.; Milestones; How Long Has This Been Going On?; Green Street Scene.

Personnel: Thomas, guitar; J. R. Monterose, tenor saxophone; Hod O'Brien, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is a welcome debut. Thomas (a guitarist from Bobby Jaspar's home town, Liege, Belgium), who made his only two previous record appearances on Toshiko's *United Notions* and Sonny Rollins' *Big Brass*, both on Metrojazz, deserved an LP of his own.

Though the notes speak of his friendship with and musical debt to Django Reinhardt, Thomas clearly outswings his fellow Belgian. There is no gypsylike wandering of the beat here; as the liner also makes clear, his important debt is to Charlie Christian.

The session is a casual affair. Monterose, who plays consistently if not stunningly, wrote three "originals," the first actually just some blowing on *Out of Nowhere* and the final title an up blues with some pseudo-Oriental riffing fore and aft; only M.T.C. has any compositional value. Here and on a couple of other tracks one is reminded of the old Stan Getz Quintet when Jimmy Raney shared the front line with Stan. *How Long Has This Been Going On?*, done with just bass and drums, sounds logey and empty. O'Brien's solos are facile, though a little weak in dynamics.

Though I'd like to hear Thomas in a

jazz suite...
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better organized and tonally brighter setting, he is heard at great enough length here to establish himself as one of the most fluent and articulate guitar voices in jazz. (L.G.F.)

Bobby Timmons

SOUL TIME—Riverside 334: *Soul Time; So Tired; The Touch of Your Lips; S'posin'; Stella Bi; One Mo'; You Don't Know What Love Is.*. Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Timmons, in his writing and playing with the Jazz Messengers and the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, has as honest and creative an association with "soul" as any musician around nowadays. And it is probably inevitable that, for the time being at least, his recordings are going to be built around some "soul" gimmick.

Judging by this release, however, Timmons is not inclined to go along very wholeheartedly with the tendency to milk the soul fad. The general tone of these pieces suggests that, in an effort to associate himself from the soul clichés, Timmons has adopted a manner that verges on indifference. Both he and Mitchell lean toward understatement throughout the disc, giving the performances a pleasing lack of pretension but at the same time functioning in such a low key that there is little that is particularly stimulating or memorable in the set. It is a pleasant, proficient collection. But is that enough?

Timmons rouses himself from mere acceptability on *You Don't Know*, which he opens and closes with some out-of-tempo Tatum ideas, and, between these sections, digs into a solo with honest, unflashy guts.

It is a nice change to hear Mitchell playing simply and unaffectedly, without the pushing that is his usual characteristic with Horace Silver. But he seems to be coasting most of the time, as Timmons does, too, until he gets to *You Don't Know* and shows that it is possible to create interest without sweating. (J.S.W.)

Ben Webster

THE SOUL OF BEN WEBSTER—Verve 8359: *Fajista; Chelsea Bridge; Charlotte's Piccolo; Coal Train; When I Fall in Love; Eve's Mad; Ash.*

Personnel: Webster, Harold Ashby, tenor saxophones; Art Farmer, trumpet; Jimmy Jones, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Surely much of the bite and sheer force has gone out of the Brute, yet in its place has come piercing insight and the ability to come to grips with the meat of a tune.

It is comforting to listen to a horn that is mature and shaped, yet retains the spark of youthful adventure. No more axes to grind, mountains to climb for Webster, so he just relaxes in his chosen groove and plays. The result is a most pleasant, listenable date.

The men supporting Webster are known for their good taste. This sterling quality is plainly in evidence here. At moments, such as in the up-tempo *Ash*, Bailey juts out; however, his over-all contribution is an exciting example of swift, teasing drumming.

The quiet *When I Fall in Love* is treated with exquisite delicacy and feeling. So charged with emotion is the tune that a

tide of feeling threatens to sweep before it all who dare listen.

The album shows little evidence of planning or rehearsing, and for this it suffers greatly. What is reflected is the jam-session atmosphere complete with highs and lows. *Piccolo* is reduced to an unexciting string of successive solos, not always related to one another, although Jones' solo is an exception.

Webster has recorded more memorable dates, but this album well reflects the current phase of the saxophonist's development. His magnificent tone and elusive style still very much intact. Ben Webster is far from being artistically shelved. (B.G.)

Frank Wess

FRANK WESS QUARTET—Prestige/Moods Vol. 8: *It's So Peaceful in the Country; Rainy Afternoon; Star Eyes; Stella by Starlight; But Beautiful; Gone with the Wind; I See Your Face Before Me.*

Personnel: Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Bobby Donaldson, drums; Eddie Jones, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Lovely, languid music for nocturnal relaxation. If an album like this came in every day, every one would still get the same rating, though the whole thing was probably done in one three-hour sitting and needed no forethought whatever. In fact, Ron Eyre, who wrote the liner notes, probably had more trouble finding 1,500 words to write about these sides than Frank had finding 1,500 pretty notes to blow on them. Nothing much happens, but it's all so agreeable, with Frank's sound and ideas warmer than ever: four tracks on flute, three on tenor, the latter including the longest and best, a blues (*Rainy Afternoon*), which also has an eloquent Flanagan piano solo.

Recipe: martinis very dry, lights not too bright, and Wess. It can't miss. (L.G.F.)

Lem Winchester

LEM'S BEAT—Prestige/New Jazz 8239: *Eddy's Dilemma; Lem & Aide; Friendly Persuasion; Your Last Chance; Lady Day; Just Friends.*

Personnel: Winchester, vibraphone; Oliver Nelson, tenor saxophone; Curtis Peagler, alto saxophone; Billy Brown or Roy Johnson, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is one of those sessions by good players that has difficulty getting off the ground.

The first two titles, which take up the A side of the LP, weigh down the proceedings and prevent this from being a higher-rated effort. They contain the weakest playing of the date. Winchester has, for him, a surprisingly unconnected solo on *Dilemma*, a blues, and almost gets hung on the changes of *Aide* in his first solo on that track; Peagler, of the Modern Jazz Disciples, has a hard time getting himself together throughout the album, but he is especially disjointed on these takes; Nelson turns in a competent job, as do Brown and Johnson, but their work is hardly earthshaking.

The other tracks are better, much better. For one thing, they're shorter, and there seems to have been some effort made to tighten up the performances, giving the takes not only conciseness but direction and purpose, as well.

Some heavy-handed ensemble playing detracts from Nelson's arrangements,

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though. But this cannot negate the excellence of Winchester's fiery work on *Chance* and *Friends* or his tender treatment of the ballads *Persuasion* and *Lady Day*, pianist Johnson's moody tribute to Billie Holiday.

Nelson also plays excellently on *Chance* and *Friends*, displaying different sides of his playing in each solo. This relative newcomer could well turn out to be one of the most talented musicians in years. He not only is a fine saxophonist and interesting jazzman, but his arrangements for both small and big bands show the mark of a thoughtful and knowledgeable musician as well.

But as a whole, this is a sometimes disappointing album by three of the brightest new faces: Winchester, Nelson, and Peagler. (D.D.M.)

VOCALS

Ernestine Anderson

MOANIN' MOANIN' MOANIN' — Mercury 20582; *My Melancholy Baby; Tomorrow Mountain; More Than You Know; The Gypsy Goofed; A Tree in the Meadow; Hooray for Love; Come Rain or Come Shine; Moanin' Low; Get Out and Get Under the Moon; I Got Lost in His Arms; If You Can't Sing It, You'll Have to Swing It.*
Personnel: Miss Anderson, vocals, accompanied by three different groups: unidentified small combo, unidentified strings, and big band; Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Ernie Royal, Nick Travis, Snookie Young, Thad Jones, Joe Newman, trumpets; Benny Powell, Al Grey, Henry Coker, trombones; Marshall Royal, Frank Wess, Billy Mitchell, Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes, saxophones.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Were it not contrary to logic and ambition, as well as good hard business sense, I would be willing to wager that someone is determined to see that Miss Anderson never fulfills the promise of her first album. This release is a mishmash of ballads and pop tunes snugly tucked into three different settings, a small combo, a string background, and a big band.

Occasionally, as in *Moanin' Low*, sparks of the familiar Miss Anderson creep through, and we are treated with creative expression dished out in a warm, confident style.

The vocalist possesses a refreshing wit and humor, which complement the depth and sympathetic understanding she pours into most tunes. Unfortunately, many of the tunes on the date failed to be worthy of either humor or sympathy. In fact, they are pretty funny and pretty sad in their own right.

The adolescent *Tree in the Meadow* was weak when it made its first appearance as a pop tune. Time hasn't strengthened it a bit. Aside from the fact that it is fairly well handled here and swings all the way, *Gypsy* has little else to offer.

The arrangements featuring the string background are more impressive. *I Got Lost* and *Melancholy Baby* are particularly fine examples of Miss Anderson's command of the simple, sparsely adorned line. She sings both tunes with amazing fidelity to the melodic line, and when she occasionally alters it, the effect is startlingly appropriate.

Her hesitancy to take liberties with the melody is purely a discretionary matter and not because of creative limitation, as can be evidenced by listening to *More Than You Know*. Here her confident

ambling around the basic, familiar line of the tune could easily be an independent counterline to the original melody.

The string tunes most influenced my opinion of the album. The remaining tunes only reaffirm strengths or weaknesses. The voice and delivery are here but are extremely handicapped. The material is pathetically ill chosen, and many of the arrangements are confining. The rating is a star and a half short of what I believe this vocalist is capable of producing. (B.G.)

Joan Baez

JOAN BAEZ—Vanguard 9078: *Silver Dagger; East Virginia; Fare Thee Well; House of the Rising Sun; All My Trials; Wildwood Flower; Donna Donna; John Riley; Rake and Rambling Boy; Little Moses; Mary Hamilton; Henry Martin; El Preso Numero Nuevo.*

Personnel: Miss Baez, vocal, guitar; Fred Hellerman, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is the first extended LP collection by Miss Baez, the gifted young singer whose appearance at the 1959 Newport Folk festival caused such a sensation.

Her performances of the tunes — most of them traditional Anglo-American ballads of a decided plaintive cast — are dulcet, pensive, and haunting, marked by a glowing ardor and a sincere attempt to penetrate to their essence. Those tracks on which she succeeds best in doing this — *John Riley, East Virginia, Silver Dagger*, and *Fare Thee Well* are the most notable — are impassioned, eloquent examples of this lyric tradition at its best.

She is blessed with a clear soprano voice of uncommon beauty and an impressive instrumental facility — so much so that the addition of Hellerman on second guitar on several tracks doesn't add a great deal.

The album suffers from a singleness of mood, which proves it a bit wearying after a while — many of the songs are so much alike that one wonders why Miss Baez or Vanguard didn't aim for a more varied program. Still in all, this is a fine, thoughtful, and moving collection, exquisitely performed. (P.W.)

Pearly Brown

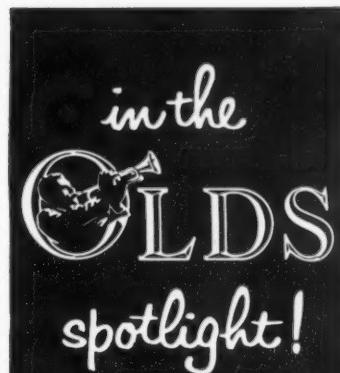
GEORGIA STREET SINGER—Folk Lyric 108: *God Don't Ever Change; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; You're Gonna Need That Pure Religion; Saviour, Don't You Pass Me By; Motherless Children; Oh, What a Morning; I Must See Jesus; Nobody's Fault but Mine; I Know It Was the Blood; By and By, I'm Gonna See the King; Keep Your Lamp Trimmed and Burning; If I Never See You Anymore; Ninety-Nine and a Half Won't Do; It's a Mean Old World; The Great Speckled Bird.*
Personnel: Brown, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Recorded on the streets of his native Macon, Ga., Brown, like Harlem's Gary Davis, is a sidewalk preacher in song in the direct tradition of Blind Willie Johnson. There are few recordings of performers in this idiom, and this disc is a most welcome addition that fills a decided gap.

The demarcation between sacred and secular song would appear to be slight, for in singers like Brown and Davis we find the two freely intermingled. The song materials are religious, yet are played and sung in styles which borrow heavily from the work of the blues men.

Perhaps the most obvious debt to the blues is in the guitar techniques employed. On a number of tracks Brown employs a southern bottleneck or knife technique



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which always has been associated with the blues. (Brown learned it from the work of Willie Johnson, who in turn got it from the blues men.) It is an exciting approach, the whining, insinuating guitar lines dramatically underscoring the vocal lines, reinforcing them and serving as an antiphonal voice. Six of the tracks are performed in this style—they are easily the most interesting in the collection.

The remaining are played pretty much in the style of white country religious music—simple chords, bass runs, etc.—tempered to greater or lesser degrees with blues devices. (P.W.)

Juanita Cruse

JUANITA!—GNP 51: *Alone Together; Teach Me Tonight; I Love Paris; The Midnight Sun Will Never Set; Fine and Mellow; You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To; God Bless the Child; Sunset Eyes; Don't Explain; Stop Teasin' Me.*

Personnel: Miss Cruse, vocals; Gerald Wiggins, piano; William Green, flute, reeds; Emil Richards, vibraphone; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Al McKibbin, bass; Jackie Mills, drums; Jack Costanzo, bongos, conga drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Throughout most of this set, which is a recorded solo debut for Los Angeles singer Miss Cruse, the shadow of Sarah Vaughan is very much in evidence. However, one gets the feeling that the vocal resemblance is the result more of accidental similarity than deliberate imitation.

Miss Cruse is a good singer. She has ample range, a sense of swinging style and good time, and if she appears ill at ease at times on various tracks here, her apparent insecurity is a sometime thing.

She socks out *Stop Teasin'* with ample confidence and is bluesily impressive on *Fine and Mellow*, a last-minute interjection in a session with but five minutes to go. She—and the band—do GO.

Wiggins' arrangements are tasteful and functional and are greatly enhanced by the jazzmen assembled for the date. Vibist Richards gets off a couple of solos that fairly breathe fire, and Budimir is convincing. Green's woodwind work is consistently fine. Wiggins' piano accompaniment is up to his usual impeccable standard and his short solo on *Mellow* moves.

For all the obvious debt to Miss Vaughan, there are three songs included that are usually associated with the late Billie Holiday. On these the Vaughan sound is rather noticeably absent. (J.A.T.)

Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS SONGS FROM *LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH*—Verve 4043: *Black Coffee; Angel Eyes; I Cried for You; I Can't Give You Anything but Love; Then You've Never Been Blue; I Hadn't Anyone Till You; My Melancholy Baby; Misty; September Song; One for My Baby; Who's Sorry Now?; I'm Getting Sentimental over You; Reach for Tomorrow.*

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Paul Smith, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There are so many elements working against this album that the miracle of its holding together and being listenable at all is the result totally of the talent of Miss Fitzgerald.

The fact that the entire 13 tunes were recorded with intention of using only three in the film explains the sameness of approach, mood, and presentation. It does not explain the inability of "someone in authority" to see that these tunes, lumped

together, could produce a terribly flat and drab collection of torch tunes.

The drastic elimination of all accompaniment except for piano again might have been acceptable on the screen where the artist's presence fills the void. No such luck on the record. The gap just stand there.

The danger of stripping down the accompaniment to the single instrument is that it leaves the human instrument so vulnerable. It never has been so noticeable before that this artist has striking intonation problems. While the lilting, bell-like voice sails lightly above a full orchestra or trio, one seldom hears hesitancy in her voice. On this album, it abounds. *Misty*, in which she does wonders with the changes, and *Sentimental* are two examples. It was difficult for me to imagine that the thin, shallow tone on *One for My Baby* belonged to Miss Fitzgerald.

In spite of these handicaps, Miss Fitzgerald manages to salvage a few very excellent moments of beauty and pathos. *Who's Sorry Now?, I Cried for You, and I Hadn't Anyone* were my choices, based on over-all artistic presentation.

The verse of *September Song* is simply not the best choice for a female vocalist. The lyrics sound silly when transposed and Miss Fitzgerald's beautiful and delicate treatment of the songs is almost lost.

The vocalist is among the best of those who can convincingly sing a ballad. It is this ability, characterized by her quiet, sensitive styling, which saves the album. It is also an excellent album for the study and analysis of the voice qualities of the singer as every phrase and mannerism is exposed.

Far be it from me to knock Hollywood, but if this is its idea of what to do with a vocalist of the magnitude of Miss Fitzgerald, well—umph. (B.G.)

Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins

AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN BLUES—Tradition 1040: *In the Evening, the Sun Is Going Down; Trouble in Mind; Mama and Papa Hopkins; The Foot Race Is On; That Gambling Life; When the Saints Go Marching In; Get off My Toe; 75 Highway; Bottle Up and Go; Sheep-Haired Woman; So Long, Woman; Santa Fe Blues.*

Personnel: Hopkins, guitar, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Every so often an album comes along that overwhelms you with its urgency, authority, conviction, and raw emotional power. It has the ring of utter truth, and the validity of its message is immediately apparent to listeners from every disparate cultural background—not just the background that produced the music. This is such an album.

This is Hopkins' second disc for Tradition and, like the equally valuable first, *Country Blues*, was assembled by his friend, Houston folklorist-playwright Mack McCormick. Both Tradition collections are much more thoughtful, representative samplings of Lightnin's considerable talents than is the single Folkways disc that Sam Charters recorded when he found Lightnin' in Houston last year.

The reason for the difference in quality results primarily from the fact that Charters recorded on the fly, with no real attempt to penetrate beyond first impressions, nor with the opportunity for any

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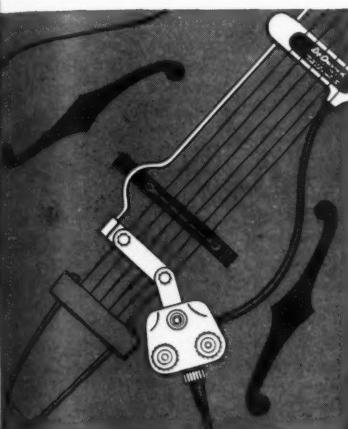
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degree of selectivity. McCormick, on the other hand, has come to know Hopkins extremely well in the last several years, and further, he has recorded in that time a good number of selections, from which he has culled the most characteristic for these two sides.

Despite the evolution of a highly distinctive approach of his own, Hopkins' singing and playing are firmly rooted in the strong native Texas blues traditions. He is a lineal descendant of such masters of the genre as Blind Lemon Jefferson and scores of other anonymous wandering minstrels (only a handful of whom ever have been recorded) who have sung for their meager livelihoods on the streets of the Texas towns, their powerful, emotion-charged singing underlined and punctuated with biting, acid-sharp guitar lines.

Lightnin' re-creates his years as a sidewalk blues singer in *Get off My Toe*, in which song and acerbic parenthetical comments directed at his audience and passers-by are freely improvised into an exciting performance.

Hopkins can perform the traditional tunes with the best of them, as his performances of *Trouble in Mind*, *Saints*, *Santa Fe*, and *Bottle Up* eloquently attest. Songs within this rich tradition are relatively fixed and are performed in roughly the same manner each time they are sung. In his singing and playing of these four selections he evidences respect for the tradition while at the same time executing the tunes in his own individualistic style with its additions to, and refinements of, the traditional instrumental approach.

Four of the selections—*75 Highway*, *Short-Haired Woman*, *Gambling Life*, and *So Long*—are tunes original with Hopkins. A number of these originals—*Short-Haired Woman* is perhaps the best known—have gone on to achieve a wide circulation, eventually being assimilated into the tradition itself.

Evening, Sun, Mama and Papa, Foot Race, and *Toe* are fine examples of a kind of blues rarely heard nowadays—those composed on the spur of the moment and having a life span of just the length of time it takes to sing them. Assembled largely from a store of more or less standard verses and filled out with extemporized ones, these improvisatory blues achieve a spontaneity akin to life itself. These of Lightnin's are among the finest recorded.

Hopkins accompanies himself on acoustic guitar on all 12 tracks; the accompaniments are in his usual style, an exciting amalgam of rough and sophisticated approaches with the exception of *Bottle Up*, which is in a rough, shuffling juke-joint dance rhythm.

This, then, is an important and valuable collection of country blues. McCormick's notes are superb. (P. W.)

Lonnie Johnson

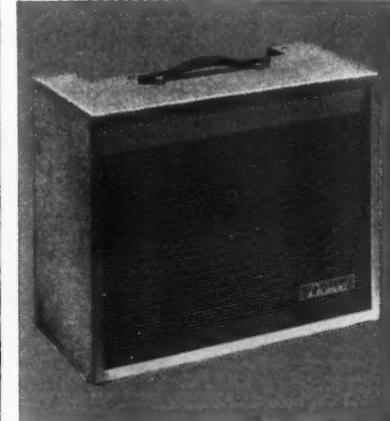
BLUES AND BALLADS — Prestige/Bluesville 1011: *Haunted House*; *Memories of You*; *Blues for Chris*; *I Found a Dream*; *St. Louis Blues*; *I'll Get Along Somehow*; *Savoy Blues*; *Backwater Blues*; *Elmer's Blues*; *Jelly-Roll Blues*. Personnel: Johnson, vocals, guitar; Elmer Snowden, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Johnson may not rate as one of the greatest blues singers, but he is certainly



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one of the most charming and affecting.

The potential bite in his rather high, nasal voice is softened by a caressing, almost crooning style and at the same time fortified by his strong, sure phrasing. Johnson has a fondness for ballads as well as blues, and he has included three in this collection—two are maudlin creations of his own, but on the well-constructed *Memories of You*, he generates intense emotional power within a surprisingly gentle, lyrical approach.

But it is the blues, of course, that are the primary focal point. And it is here that Johnson's combination of seemingly total relaxation and ease with a glowing inner intensity is so remarkably effective.

Adding to the over-all effect is the simple aptness of his own electric guitar accompaniment and the supporting patterns by Snowden on unamplified guitar. On three pieces Snowden and Johnson play delightfully unaffected, good-natured guitar duets.

Snowden, making his first commercial record in 26 years, plays with particularly attractive economy and directness on *Chris and Elmer's Blues*.

Barring those two ballads, this collection is pure pleasure. (J.S.W.)

Brownie McGhee

TRADITIONAL BLUES, VOL. 2—Folkways 2422: *Last Mile Blues; Poor Man's Blues; St. James Infirmary; Givin' Hearted Blues; Pallet on the Floor; Please Don't Dog Your Woman; Good Morning, Blues; Brownie's Deep Sea Diver; Dirty No Gooder's Blues; Hard Times Blues.*

Personnel: McGhee, guitar, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Well, this is more like it. This disc catches Brownie in a much more buoyant and exuberant mood than has any of his recent joint efforts with Sonny Terry. And it's not hard to pinpoint the reasons, either. Here, Brownie has to carry the full load—and he responds well to the challenge.

What's really impressive about the collection is his guitar work throughout; the only word to describe it is stunning. It quite often overshadows his singing. But more important than this in the album's success is the selection of tunes that has been made. They are all, as the album title indicates, traditional blues—some of them old, anonymous, collective songs, others identified with particular artists: *Poor Man's* and *No Gooder's* with Bessie Smith, *Last Mile* with Ida Cox, and *Givin' Hearted* with Ma Rainey.

All are, however, quite a bit removed from the usual fare that we've grown accustomed to hearing from McGhee and Terry—and just the novelty of hearing something different is cause enough to recommend this disc. But beyond this, Brownie turns in a more than capable job on the selections.

The accompanying notes, by Charles Edward Smith, are fine. Complete texts of all the songs have been included, as is Folkways' wont, yet the transcriptions as given are quite a bit different from what McGhee sings. Just about every one of the transcriptions has more than its share of inaccuracies. McGhee is so careful with his enunciation that the transcriptions aren't necessary. (P. W.)

Memphis Slim

MEMPHIS SLIM AND THE REAL HONEY TONK—Folkways 3535: *The Bells; The Lord Have Mercy on Me; My Baby Don't Love Me No More; I Left That Town; Boogie after Midnight; The Train Is Gone; Pinetop's Boogie; Whisky-Drinking Blues; San Juan Blues; In the Evening; How Long Blues; Sail On, Little Girl; John Henry.*

Personnel: Memphis Slim (Peter Chatman), piano, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This engaging and exuberant collection is Slim's most satisfying album to date. It's a much more reflective and intense collection than his recent Vee Jay disc, *Memphis Slim at the Gate of Horn*.

For one, these are solo performances, without the tasteless bleatings of a tenor saxophone or the sodden and heavy-handed backing of a r&b rhythm section that marred the Vee Jay date. Here there is a good sampling of Slim's not inconsiderable abilities: a firm, resilient blues piano and a darkly attractive and easy vocal approach.

But more important, the selection of tunes, a good number of them traditional, is a fine one, and we are informed in Charles Edward Smith's accompanying notes that these are all representative of Slim's current repertoire. Certainly, they are at some remove from the generally superficial ones presented in the Vee Jay collection. The ones on this album are of a consistently high degree of emotional intensity, and this is the chief reason for the album's success.

Slim's singing is husky, effortless, and ingratiating, and his piano is a bright and pulsant boogie-tinged one. All the selections are suffused with a healthy ebullience and unpretentiousness. A thoroughly enjoyable collection. (P.W.)

Mel Tormé

SWINGIN' ON THE MOON—Verve 2144: *Swingin' on the Moon; Moonlight Cocktail; I Wish on the Moon; Moon Song; How High the Moon; Don't Let That Moon Get Away; Blue Moon; Velvet Moon; No Moon at All; Moonlight in Vermont; Oh, You Crazy Moon; The Moon Was Yellow.*

Personnel: Tormé, vocals; band unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The musicianship on this album is impeccable, and there is even a moderately pleasing fragile swing in spots, but as for the emotional message—I just don't get any.

Perhaps it is wrong to do so, but I can help comparing Tormé, in my mind's ear, with Louis Armstrong, Ray Charles (dig his version of *Moonlight in Vermont*), and Frank Sinatra. Judged by such standards, Tormé clearly appears lacking in some vital component, call it soul, guts, or what you will.

Lest the above seem too harsh a verdict, let me qualify it by saying that I have great respect for Tormé's musical craftsmanship but simply can't get with his vocal style as presented on this LP. (F.K.)

Various Artists

WALKING BY MYSELF—Chess 1446: *Twenty Four Hours; Diggin' My Potatoes; Mother Earth Walking by Myself; Guess I'm a Fool; Dark Road; Booted; Third Degree; The World's in a Tangle; That's All Right.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 8: Eddie Boyd, vocals. Track 2: Washboard Sam, vocal. Tracks 3, 5: Memphis Slim, vocals. Track 6: Floyd Jones, vocal. Tracks 4, 9, 11: Jimmy Rogers, vocals. Track 7: Roscoe Gordon, vocal. Track 10: Luis Reed, vocal. Other personnel unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★

Here's another tasteless and slapdash

REAL HONEY
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Rogers, vocal.
Track 10: Lute
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anthology collection put together to cash in on the recent resurgence of interest in the blues. It's a pity that Chess, with so many truly excellent country blues recordings in its vaults, should repress some of the mawkish sides they've included here.

Of 11 tracks, only five are worthy of attention — and only one of these five might be labeled a truly impressive country blues. This is Jones' *Dark Road*, sung very much in the manner of Howlin' Wolf and backed by a low-down, gutsy country blues band.

The three numbers by Rogers—*Walking by Myself*, *The World's in a Tangle* (a fine topical blues), and *That's All Right*—feature some convincing vocals and fine, earthy harmonica work. Washboard Sam's *Diggin' My Potatoes* (written by his half-brother, Big Bill Broonzy) has its moments, too.

The pieces by Memphis Slim surely are his two worst recordings, with nothing to redeem them. The vocalist on *Fool* doesn't even sound like Slim. There's little of interest in the two Boyd tracks or the one by Lulu Reed, and the Gordon offering is unbelievably bad. (P.W.)

Muddy Waters

MUDGY WATERS AT NEWPORT — Chess 1449; *I Got My Brand on You; I'm Your Hoochie Koochie Man; Baby, Please Don't Go; Soon Forgotten; Tiger in Your Tank; I Feel So Good; Got My Mojo Working; Got My Mojo Working, Part 2; Goodbye Newport Blues.*

Personnel: Waters (MacKinley Morganfield), guitar, vocals; James Cotton, harmonica; Tar Heel, guitar; Otis Spann, piano, vocal (Track 9); Andrew Stevenson, bass; Francis Clay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is an excellent collection by Waters, recorded on the ill-fated afternoon of July 3, 1960, when the Newport Jazz festival was called off. He is at the top of his form here—his voice hoarse, rough, and insistent, the group driving fiercely behind him, Cotton's harmonica rising shrilly above the heavy, propulsive rhythms.

Waters performs a couple of crowd-pleasers, like *Mojo*, and even if the contents or emotional climate of these are not very high they are at least exuberant, heated, and feverish performances. Several of the other tunes—*Hoochie Koochie* and the traditional *Baby, Please Don't Go* are among them—are some of Muddy's more powerful pieces, with a continuity of mood and an emotional intensity rare among present-day blues performers.

Goodbye Newport Blues, written hastily by Langston Hughes on hearing that the remainder of the festival had been canceled, is sung by Spann. It is the least effective track. (P.W.)

Joe Williams-Count Basie

JUST THE BLUES — Roulette 52054; *Confessin' the Blues; Mean Old World; Trav'lin' Light; Key to the Highway; Lyin' Woman; Chains of Love; Mean Mistreater; Keep Your Hand on Your Heart; Night Time Is the Right Time; Tomorrow Night.*

Personnel: Williams, vocals; Basie, piano; unlisted band.

Rating: ★ ★

There is more good, solid Basie piano and more relaxed, fresh playing by the Basie band on the first side of this disc than has appeared on any record in a long time. Confronting Basie with the blues is, of course, putting him in his proper metier. He ambles along in his in-

imitable manner time and time again in these pieces with that wonderful mixture of acidity and twinkle that is his own special concoction.

The band shows that it is not really the wooden assemblage that it often manages to appear on records. The sections are loose and loping, the soloists bite, slither, comment, and contribute wonderfully distinctive accents.

Even Williams gets some warmth and ease into his blues singing on a few numbers. His attempts to do ballads such as *Trav'lin' Light*, however, show that lyricism is still beyond him. The great merit of the first side is that most of the pieces give the band at least as much space as Williams gets. On the second side the emphasis is on Williams. His approach almost always seems calculated and mechanical and he tends to negate the support of the Basie band except on *Mean Old World*, when, for once, he catches the feeling generated by the band. (J.S.W.)

RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records.

Ken Belding Trio, Music for Swinging Skiers (Addison 3000)

Dave Brubeck and Jimmy Rushing (Columbia 1553, 8353)

Ida Cox, The Moaning, Groaning Blues (Riverside 147)

Lou Donaldson, Sunny Side Up (Blue Note 4036)

Curtis Fuller (Blue Note 1583)

Johnny Griffin - Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Tough Tenors (Jazzland 31, 931)

Johnny Griffin's Studio Jazz Party (Riverside 338, 9338)

Chico Hamilton, Selections from Irma La Douce and Bye Bye Birdie (Columbia 1590, 8390)

Nancy Harrow-Buck Clayton, Wild Women Don't Have the Blues (Candid 8008, 9008)

Bev Kelly, In Person (Riverside 345, 9345)

Yusef Lateef, The Centaur and the Phoenix (Riverside 337, 9337)

Matty Matlock, Gold Diggers in Dixieland (Warner Brothers 1374)

Lenny McBrowne, Eastern Lights (Riverside 346, 9346)

Wes Montgomery, Moving Along (Riverside 342, 9342)

Dick Morgan, See What I Mean (Riverside 347, 9347)

New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Tin Roof Blues, Vol. 2 (Riverside 146)

Charlie Parker, An Evening at Home with the Bird (Savoy 12152)

André Previn Trio, Camelot (Columbia 1569, 8369)

Sonny Red, Breathing (Jazzland 32, 932)

Don Shirley Trio (Cadence 3046)

Jimmy Smith, Home Cookin' (Blue Note 4050)

Cecil Taylor, The World of Cecil Taylor (Candid 8006, 9006)

Cal Tjader, West Side Story (Fantasy 8054)

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SUSANNE SCHAPOWALOW

By Leonard Feather

If it were possible for a jazz writer to be prejudiced (how dare I utter such a heresy?), I suppose I would be prejudiced in favor of Quincy Jones. It would be tough for anyone to avoid it after getting to know him well.

He is the most astonishing new talent of the last five years, not only as a composer-arranger (and occasional trumpeter) but also as an organizer. In 1956, when Dizzy Gillespie was busy in Europe with Jazz at the Philharmonic, it was Quincy whom he deputed to organize for him, in New York City, the superb band that toured for the U. S. State Department under Gillespie's leadership.

When John Hammond suggested Jones to write and conduct for the Harold Arlen-Johnny Mercer blues opera *Free and Easy* late in 1959, he started an unpredictable chain reaction. The show flopped fast after opening in Europe, but such was the *esprit de corps* that Jones was able to keep the band together, on a diet of scufflebread, for most of 1960 before he brought it to the United States and opened, with a few personnel changes, at Basin Street.

I'll have a little more to say about Quincy in the next issue, since this is a two-part test. Even though only seven records were played, his comments were too interesting to condense into one installment.

RELEASERS THE BLINDFOLD TEST ■ QUINCY JONES

The Records

1. John Lewis. *The Golden Striker* (from *Music for Brass*, Atlantic). Lewis, piano, composer; Joe Wilder, trumpet; George Duvivier, bass.

Somehow I had the feeling it was a European group. In the States, most French horn and tuba players usually have good classical training. But these trumpet players sounded like they spend a lot of their time in the symphony or the conservatory. Dynamics and so forth are handled very well, but the concept is a little stiff. In the States, on the other hand, they would tend to have jazz trumpet players and the more classical-trained French horns and tuba.

The piano player reminded me a little bit of John Lewis; a helluva lot of eminence . . . a lot of influence, and that's another reason why I think it might have been something cut either in England or Germany.

They have a little of the Gil Evans orchestration feeling in there, and a Miles Davis-influenced trumpet player, and a John Lewis-influenced piano player.

It had a melodic thing in there that was slightly reminiscent of Reg Owen's thing, *Manhattan Spiritual*. So they must have gone back to the same indigenous folk music; or it came from the same hymn.

The bass player was very good; he had a good sound, good time. The dynamics were good; the recording was bad. It sounded like a quite mixed breed; a lot of things going on from different directions. But over-all I'd say it was fair—two stars.

2. Michel LeGrand. *Jitterbug Waltz* (from *LeGrand Jazz*, Columbia). Miles Davis, trumpet; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Betty Glamann, harp; Bill Evans, piano; Herbie Mann, flute; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; LeGrand, arranger.

From the instrumentation — the harp and Coltrane with Miles—I think it has to be Michel LeGrand's thing on Colum-

bia, because it's the only time I've heard Miles with a harp.

The arrangement was inventive; Michel certainly has enough ideas, and it was a good side . . . I'll tell you one thing that puzzled me at first. The trumpet, at first, didn't sound like Miles; the part where he played the more melodic thing. The piano, I think, was Bill Evans.

The flute—I don't know—it could have been Herbie Mann, I thought it was Phil Woods, Coltrane, and Miles. They sounded fairly convincing, jumping out of the 3/4 into the 4/4 like they did. Very effective; a nice concept of the tune.

The trumpet at first had more of a Taft Jordan-Ray Nance sound. That fooled me. At the end it sounded almost like Miles again, concept-wise. A little confusing. But I liked it very much. Four stars.

3. Benny Carter. *Sleigh Ride in July* (from *Aspects*, United Artists). Carter, alto saxophone, arranger; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Buddy Collette, tenor saxophone; Barney Kessel, guitar.

Well, I have no idea in the world why *Jingle Bells* was quoted in that; unless it's a season album or something. At first it sounded like someone who was Benny Carter-influenced, but it could be Benny himself, because Frank Rosolino's on the date, too, and they usually keep the same company.

I don't know who the guitar is. Tenor could be anybody; it's hard to tell, because it's a studio band, and they don't have time to inject their personality; they just play notes. Clean, you know, but not really with conviction, you know. Not too many arresting elements, except the alto solo and Rosolino, personality-wise. Two stars.

4. Count Basie. *From Coast to Coast* (from *Best of Basie*, ARS). (Note: this extended work was never released on Verve.) Soloists as guessed. Recorded about 1957.

Well, there's no doubt that it must be Basie, but . . . I knew it was Marshall Royal, but I didn't hear Basie, so for a

while I thought it might be one of those dates like Sarah's *No Count*. It must have been written for some special occasion, maybe a broadcast, because it has all the signs of being a production, and it's definitely Ernie Wilkins'.

The two things were connected, you know; the fast part was an attempt at a follow-up; first tenor solo was Wess and the second was Frank Foster. Trumpet solo was Wendell Culley.

Maybe I haven't heard all of it. If those two parts were the complete thing, it didn't sound like it to me. It would need something to pull it together, rather than jumping straight out of the ballad part into the double-time thing.

Very strange record. I never heard Basie do anything like that before. The balance was not done with the utmost sensitivity—the recording. I don't think this was lately. Kind of baffles me. I keep feeling I should hear something else at the beginning or on the end. I guess I'll pass on rating it.

5. One World Jazz. *Cotton Tail* (from *One World Jazz*, Columbia). J. J. Johnson, George Chisholm, trombones; Clark Terry, Roger Guerin, trumpets; Ben Webster, Bob Garcia, tenor saxophones; Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Jo Jones, drums; George Duvivier, bass.

The difference in balance, and hearing Roger and Clark—they were both in my band, Roger took over Clark's chair—hearing them both on the same record, reminded me of that idea you told me about, with different guys around various countries—the visitors from outer space.

The trombones were Aake Persson and that English guy, I guess; tenors were Ben Webster and someone I couldn't identify, and I didn't know the rhythm section. Each one plays good on there, but I've heard them all play as good, and better, on other things.

Good idea for them to get together, though. I wish they all could have been in the same studio. Three stars.



JAZZ STREET, by Dennis Stock with comments by Nat Hentoff. Published by Doubleday; 130 photographs, 63-page text, \$6.95.

Although Dennis Stock has not yet reached the artistic maturity of some of his more illustrious stablemates at Magnum, he is a fine young photographer and is making his presence felt.

Of all the photographers who have turned their cameras to jazz, Stock may not be the best, but his book is the most complete photo statement on the subject to date. The pictures in *Jazz Street* speak eloquently, from the lead shot of Punch Miller walking jauntily down a New Orleans street with his trumpet tucked under his arm, to the closing shot of Bill Crow struggling across an almost deserted Times Square with his bass on his hip.

In between he has recorded images of jazzmen and captured the spirit of jazz wherever he found them—at a New York airport, in an Oakland living room, in a St. Louis beauty shop, in night clubs, television studios, recording studios, photography studios, at home, on the road, working, and walking the dog.

Stock is a photo-journalist, and his star shines brightest when developing a story line or a related series, such as the 14 pages devoted to Louis Armstrong, and weakest when attempting, with a slow-shutter technique that relies heavily on luck, to show the "virtual volume" that Stuff Smith creates when playing his violin.

There are several weak photos, but the great majority of successful ones tend to make the former excusable. There are superbly sensitive portraits of Turk Murphy and Kid Ory, Allen Eager, Stan Getz, a mysterious Anita O'Day, a completely charming Jimmy Rushing, a tired-of-it-all Lester Young, and a matriarchal Mary Lou Williams, looking very much like the mother superior of jazz that she is. In a shot taken at the Metropole, one can almost smell the beer.

Stock has a lot going for him here, aside from his ever-seeing eye: he made the final selection of prints and did the layout, giving him freedom usually so

necessary to an artistic success. The paper stock is good, and so is the reproduction.

This book is a must for lovers of jazz and fine photography.

—Ted Williams

TREAT IT GENTLE, by Sidney Bechet. Published by Hill & Wang; 245 pages, \$4.50.

Playing jazz, speaking, and all the other means human beings have of communicating with each other reflect and are sensorial parts of what, for lack of a better term, is called personality. For instance, similarities between a jazzman's manner of speech and his manner of playing have been pointed out by astute observers. Bechet's autobiography is another case in point.

Actually a transcription of taped monologs recorded by Bechet in France during his last years, the book succeeds to a great degree in catching the flavor of the master soprano saxophonist.

Bechet's playing was notable for its lyricism, flair, and drama, often bordering on the flamboyant. So it is with his biography, although the book never catches fire as his playing did. It does smolder and spark at times.

The early chapters on his grandfather and father read almost like fantasy—and fantasy was surely a part of Bechet's work. These two chapters impart, as does the rest of the book to a lesser degree, Bechet's Message: The Negro, held down, trod upon, and persecuted (Omar, the grandfather, is the persecution symbol; he was hunted and killed for making love with a white landowner's Negro mistress), rises above the stumbling blocks in his path and triumphs, if not in reality, at least morally.

While I doubt the facts of Bechet's story-telling in these chapters, I do not doubt that the stories, as well as his comments on jazz in general throughout the book, provide insight into the workings of a socially suppressed artist's psyche. On page 205, he writes, "For me, all there is to life aside from the music, it's not the things you'd expect people to say. All I want is to eat, sleep, and don't worry. Don't worry, that's the big thing. And that's what's holding back the music from this step it has to take. It's still worried . . . It has a way to go, and I'm not ready to say what that way is. All I say is, it's my people. The worry has to be gotten out of them and then it will be gotten out of the music."

But aside from tale spinning and psychological mechanisms, the autobiography contains Bechet's side of at least two controversial occurrences.

The first deals with Bunk Johnson's resurrection. Bechet blames writer Gene

Williams, one of the founders of *Jazz Information* and a major Johnson resurrector, for all the troubles that befel the old trumpeter and ties Williams suicide to the Johnson business.

The second matter has to do with Bechet's contract troubles with Ruth Reinhardt at Chicago's Jazz, Ltd. He held that the artist's prerogative is to follow his muse and his urge to leave unsatisfactory environments whenever the desire or opportunity arose. Mrs. Reinhardt, wife of clarinetist Bill Reinhardt, took the opposite position: a contract is binding, no matter how upset the artist may be.

Of course, both sides have points and Bechet remains a gentleman and treats Mrs. Reinhardt gently in the book.

Besides shedding light on the Johnson and Reinhardt episodes, Bechet gives some quite personal and highly interesting glimpses of his early training in New Orleans and dues paying in the south. He also gives in detail the events leading to his deportation from France in the 1920s.

On the whole, Bechet's autobiography is a warm and interesting one, and while not of the greatest urgency, it's a book with a message that not only stimulates thought about the author and his music but about the effects of segregation and prejudice.

—DeMichele



Memorial: Antibes-Juan-les-Pines on the French Riviera.

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Caught in the Act

LORD BUCKLEY BENEFIT
Jazz Gallery, New York City

The memory of the late Richard (Lord) Buckley, comic monologist and center of the storm over the city's cabaret-card policy, was honored the evening of Dec. 8. The event was well attended, and proceeds went to Buckley's widow and children.

The show was emceed by disc jockey Mort Fega. Gigi Gryce's new sextet came over from the Five Spot. With the alto saxophonist were Richard Williams, trumpet; Eddie Costa, vibes; Richard Wyands, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass, and Walter Perkins, drums. The last two were on temporary leave from the MJT+3. Gryce's is an exciting group, but Williams, although obviously talented, should learn that playing loud is not everything. He also phrased very stiffly and, as a result, did not swing the way he had done in the Slide Hampton Band earlier in the year.

The Jazzytet ran over from the Village Gate to do a quick set that was undistinguished. Art Farmer was unrelaxed on the up tempos, and only on *My Funny Valentine* did he approach his best standard. Benny Golson seemed to be running up and down his horn with little success in creating meaningful ideas. The rhythm section of Cedar Walton, piano; Al Heath, drums, and Tommy Williams, bass, is excellent, but over-all, the group seems to have become an ingrown, gray-flannel one that has never fulfilled what it promised at the time of its formation. Trombonist Tom McIntosh is adequate but is no Curtis Fuller.

Comedians Orson Bean and Larry Storch were also part of the proceedings. The fact that Bean did not make a paper eucalyptus tree was a blessing in itself. He was pleasantly anecdotal, including stories about Buckley that eschewed the maudlin.

Storch was the hit of the night. He is an energetic performer, who, with his acting ability and skill with dialects, can even make stories you've heard before come alive again. He, too, told

of some Buckley escapades that were interesting and apropos.

The musical capper was the set involving Dizzy Gillespie and Ornette Coleman. On the stand were pianist Hod O'Brien, bassist Teddy Kotick, and drummer Nick Stabulas, the house rhythm section for the night, who had backed trumpeter Dizzy Reece and Storch, in addition to playing some sets of their own. When Coleman, following Gillespie to the stand, asked for his own drummer, Eddie Blackwell, to replace Stabulas, Gillespie impishly inquired, "Are you prejudiced?"

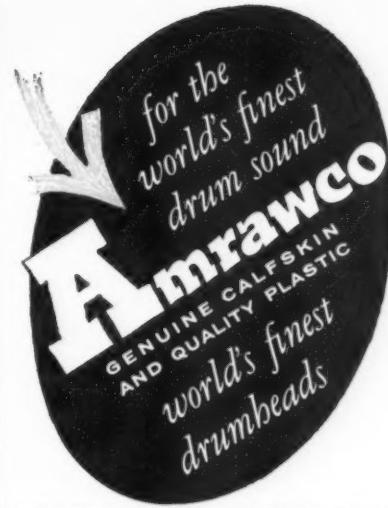
Gillespie announced that they were going to play five different tunes at once, cautioned Ornette not to play too fast, and then went into the blues. Coleman reached the teenagers on a purely juvenile emotional level with his squeals and cries. In his own strange way, he approximates Illinois Jacquet's worst moments. Outside of some old blues licks, he wasn't playing music. On the other hand, Gillespie was in superb form, which made Coleman sound worse.

I voted for Coleman as second new star on alto in the last *Down Beat* Critics' poll because I felt he was bringing something fresh to jazz. I still like some of his compositions and respect his sincerity, but after hearing him on three successive days at the Newport Jazz festival (Charlie Mingus' festival in July, 1960), I realized that despite his boosters' statements to the contrary, Ornette is a highly repetitive musician with many of his own clichés.

The last Coleman-Gillespie number was Charlie Parker's *Confirmation*. Coleman played the line but not flawlessly and then, in his solo, proceeded to blow notes that had no relation to the song whatsoever. If he really grasps and can play the music that preceded him in jazz history, here was a chance to show it while a piano was emitting the chords that he disdains. Playing his own works with his own group is one thing. In this alien setting, his meanderings sounded bad and were wrong. Granting him a sensitive ear, shouldn't he have realized that he sounded out of place in this context and shouldn't he have, if he were able, played more conventionally? Lord Buckley's memory may have been honored, but in *Confirmation*, Parker's was defiled.

Speaking of Buckley, at one point in the evening, one of his recorded tracks was played over the club's PA system. It was a painful reminder that while he was in many ways a witty performer, his conception of hip, an exaggeration of a vintage 1930s Negro hipster, is today an uncomfortable, if unintentional, portrait of an Uncle Tom.

—Ira Gitler



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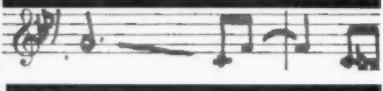
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UP BEAT SECTION



By BILL MATHIEU

Here is an excerpt from a note I received recently:

"I feel that there is a certain way to approach jazz, a way to improvise without making a solo sound a meaningless jumble of notes. Would you select one or two modern jazz publications that you would think suitable for me?"
Sydney, Australia William G. Wells

Recently I tried to find a good book on the practice of keyboard extemporization in the baroque era (1600-1750). I combed the libraries and found that except for a few treatises that deal with related subjects (like figured bass), there was no book that spelled out how it was done.

Then I realized that art of extemporization in baroque music, as well as in jazz, is learned not from books, but from an immersion in the idiom. If you know baroque music as well as it can be known, and have a creative flair, you will have little trouble improvising a little keyboard fugue in the baroque style.

There are a few books that give technical information about and insight into jazz. To my mind the best is *Jazz, Its Evolution and Essence* by André Hodier that is published by Grove Press. I have been helped immensely by a book only indirectly related to jazz called *Emotion and Meaning in Music* by Leonard Meyer, published by the University of Chicago Press.

But the most important step in learning how to improvise is listening to

others, and for this I suggest that you take down recorded solos in dictation and study them in every way you can think of. The more you listen, the easier improvisation becomes.

* * *

And from another note:

"A group of associates and I were discussing jazz, and a problem arose. Having read your column, I proposed we write to you in hopes that you would be able to help us."

Here's the problem: we can't seem to agree upon the exact meaning of a combo, a small band, a big band, and an orchestra. I believe that the connotations of these titles are confused; if you will clear up our little problem, we will appreciate it."

Jefferson City, Mo. Arthur Harrison

These names are relative, and since the various possible combinations of instruments are infinite, any attempt at categorization will be incomplete.

Here is one way of looking at it: whenever a combination of instruments contains the beginnings of a section—i.e., more than two of the same kind of instrument—it is on its way to being a big band. To me, the combination of drums, piano, bass, guitar, trumpet, clarinet, trombone, zither, viola, and monochord is a small band because there can't be any real ensemble playing.

On the other hand, drums, two trumpets, three trombones, and three saxophones is getting on to being a big band (10 instruments in all, just like the first group) because there are sections.

* * *

Betty Milbourn writes from Los Angeles — in reference to my review of *Sketches of Spain* (*Down Beat*, Sept. 29)—"Why is it that Bartok and Stravinsky are always mentioned in the same breath when people speak of influences on jazz composers? What about other classical composers?"

Mrs. Milbourn goes on to say that to her mind Stravinsky has become sterile in the last two or three decades and that jazz composers do not go to his recent work for inspiration.

It is true that Bartok and Stravinsky—along with Debussy and Ravel—receive much of the credit for influencing jazz and that the Stravinsky referred to is pre-1930 Stravinsky. Seldom are composers like Alban Berg, William Schuman, or Roger Sessions credited with artistic affiliation with jazz.

Jazz is usually longer on emotionalism than it is on formalism. Jazz composers naturally gravitate to classical music where direct emotional expression is not subservient to systematic or formalistic thinking. In Stravinsky's

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early life his compositions appealed directly to the emotions (especially the theater music like *Le Sacre* and *Petrouchka*) and were loose formally. Later in his life his music became more brittle, though I don't know if this can be called sterility.

Bartok drew, for the greater part of his work, on the tradition of Hungarian folk music, much of which has the same directness that is important in jazz.

I am not saying that the music of Berg, Schuman, or Sessions is devoid of emotion, or that it consists merely of empty formulas. However these men, along with most of their contemporaries feel that direct, sensual elements are less important than constructive elements. They feel that the way a piece is put together is more important than the immediacy of a tune or the beauty of a harmonic progression.

This esthetic point of view is certainly valid, but it has not proved very valuable in jazz where the force of the tunes and the harmonic progressions has more meaning than the over-all composition of the piece. DS

STRATUSPHUNK

A reproduction of the original score of George Russell's *Stratusphunk* appears on pages 50, 52, 54. The work is the title track of Russell's Riverside album cut recently by his sextet. The composition incorporates the composer's widely heralded Lydian concept of tonal organization, as does all his music.

Stratusphunk is a blues based on intervals of a minor seventh, most notably in the bass and trumpet lines. The composition is an excellent example of free chromatic writing. "A chromatic kind of blues," according to Russell. For instance, the written bass lines, besides employing the minor seventh interval, imply no specific tonality, yet as Russell says, "they suggest blues."

Besides chromaticism, the work also uses a certain amount of moving voices, especially at \square . The last seven bars of \square also have an interesting bass line; note the bass notes in relation to the chords.

The title is significant, according to the composer. "Stratus means something high up—or far out," he said. "And, of course, funk (or phunk) relates to earthiness. So the title would mean far-out earthiness or out-there funk." Russell's humor is as evident in his work as in his explanation of the title.

The Russell sextet performs *Stratusphunk* in a medium tempo on the Riverside album.

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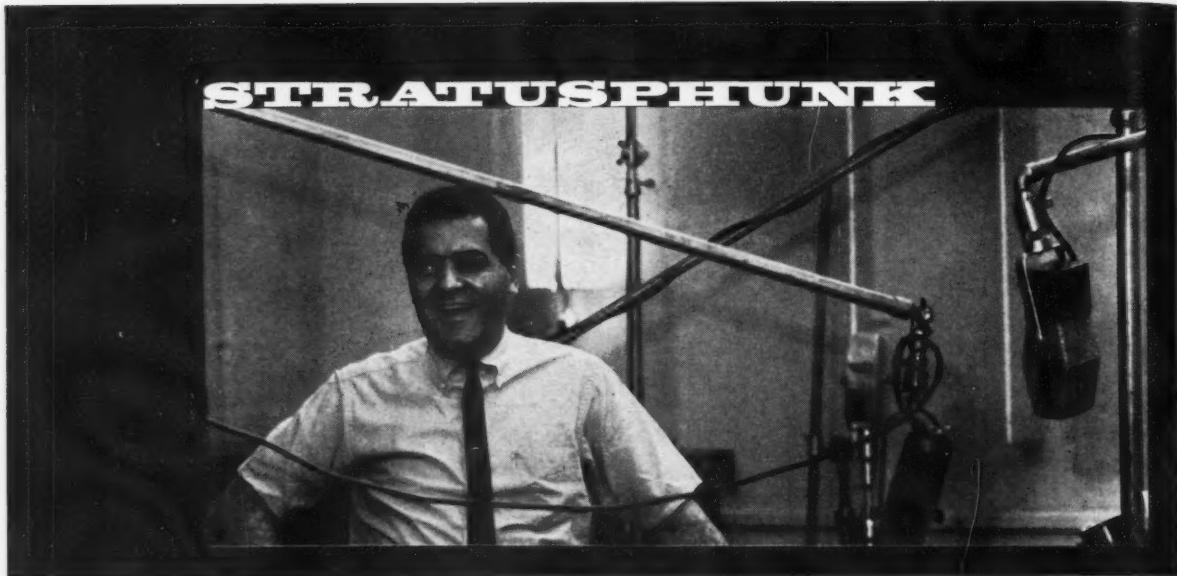
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TRUMPET, TENOR, TROMBONE, BASS, DRUMS, PIANO

A handwritten musical score for orchestra and piano. The score includes parts for Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Cello, Double Bass, and Piano. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The score consists of ten staves of music, with the first staff being the Violin I part. The piano part is located at the bottom of the page.

SCHOOL JAZZ

Dick Schory, clinician for the Ludwig Drum Co. and RCA Victor recording artist, is set for a clinic spot at *Down Beat's* high school stage band festival at Effingham, Ill., in co-operation with Samuel's music store of that city. Fifteen bands will vie for top honors, including scholarships to the National Band Camp donated by *Down Beat*.

Down Beat scholarships to the National Band Camp were also awarded to the best student instrumentalist and band director at the festival held at Carbondale, Ill., on Jan. 14. The festival and clinic were under the direction of Don LeMasters of Southern Illinois university. Coles Doty was the clinician for the 14 bands attending as well as for the hundreds of band directors and students in the audience.

Doty was also the clinician for a dance band festival and clinic held at the armory at Washington, Iowa, on Dec. 3 by the educational services department of Everett's Music Co. of that city. Doty worked with a clinic group selected from various high schools in the area as well as with an "all-star" directors' dance band that played for the evening performance and dance.

Final plans have been made for a stage-band clinic March 9 as part of the Mid-East Instrumental Music Conference that will be held March 8-11 at the Penn Sheraton hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. Don McCathren, in charge of the entire conference for Duquesne university, has announced that M. Sgt. Johnny O'SeeKee of the Airmen of Note will act as clinician. Fred Kepner as guest clinician, and Charles Suber, publisher of *Down Beat*, as moderator. The clinic band will be the McKeesport, Pa., high school dance band, J. Krysko, director. The Airmen of Note, the official dance band of the Air Force, will perform in concert the evenings of March 8 and 10.

Twenty-four high school stage bands from four states will be represented in the second annual Stage Band festival at Oak Lawn, Ill., which will be held on Feb. 4. Although the rules laid down by the State of Illinois prohibit any competing school band from traveling more than 75 airline miles to the place of competition, the nearness of Chicago

to Wisconsin, Michigan, and Indiana, makes entries from these states possible. Co-operating with *Down Beat* in this festival are the Lyon-Healy music stores of Chicago; the Leblanc Musical Instrument Co. of Kenosha, Wis.; Humes & Berg of East Chicago, Ind.; and the National Band Camp. Buddy DeFranco will be the guest clinician with members of the Airmen of Note acting as individual instrumental clinicians.

Ivy league Amherst college was the first school to get in its bid to enter the 1961 Collegiate Jazz festival at Notre Dame university, April 21-22. Other schools are rushing their applications and audition tapes to make sure of being one of the 26 groups accepted. A complete list of awards, scholarships, and prizes will be announced in the March 30 issue of *Down Beat*.

Ralph Mutchler, former head of the Northwestern University Jazz Lab Band, writes that he plans to hold a dance band clinic the second week of May at Olympic Community college at Bremerton, Wash., where he is now director of instrumental music.

Tony Rulli, former saxophonist with many name bands and now the professional manager for the Selmer Co. of Elkhart, Ind., will conduct several dance band clinics this year. He is set for South Dakota State college, Brookings, S. D., Jan. 27-28; Texarkana college, Texarkana, Texas, Feb. 3-4; Tennessee Polytechnical institute, Cooksville, Tenn., Feb. 22-24, and the Tri-State festival, Enid, Okla., May 4-7.

The Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester, Rochester, N.Y., announced that Raymond Wright will direct the Arrangers' Laboratory institute for the fourth straight year at the Eastman School's summer session July 10-21. Fred Karlin, former arranger for Benny Goodman, Harry James, and Raymond Scott, will assist Wright in dance and jazz arranging methods. Among the topics presented will be arranging for professional dance bands and combos, stage presentation, high school dance and stage bands, writing and arranging for television.

The winner of the third annual F.E. Olds & Son scholarship is Martin J. Kurka of Appleton, Wis., for his paper, *A Study of the Acoustical Effects of Mutes on Wind Instruments*.

If you have not already sent for the official entry blank for the 1961 Down Beat Hall of Fame scholarships to the Berklee School of Music, do so immediately. Twelve scholarships totaling \$4,500 will be granted. The final deadline for all material to be in the hands of the judges is Feb. 28.

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PAGE 8

This page contains handwritten musical notation for multiple instruments. It includes sections for Bass (B), Trombone (Trom), Drums (Drums), and various vocal or instrument parts labeled with letters like F, C7, G7, and F. The notation uses standard musical symbols like quarter notes and rests, along with specific markings such as 'Copy' and 'Play'. Measures are numbered from 1 to 12.

M1 CUP PAGE 9

This section is labeled 'CUP' and 'PAGE 9'. It features two staves of handwritten musical notation. The first staff includes a 'New Blues' section. The notation consists of measures with various note heads and rests, some with specific performance instructions like 'Copy' and 'Play'.

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(Continued from page 10)

take up an entire record . . . **Jerry Lieber** and **Mike Stoller**, producers of rock-and-roll hits for Atlantic's subsidiary label, Atco, made an album for the parent label using **Count Basie** sidemen playing big band arrangements. The set will be titled *Yakety Yak*.

A recent CBS-TV program on narcotics addiction, *Junkyard by the Sea*, featured music composed and conducted by **Michael Collicchio**. It was played by **Gloria Agostini**, harp; **Jerome Richardson**, flute; **Frank Rehak**, trombone; **Milton Schlesinger** and **Eddie Shaughnessy**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Don Ellis**, who has joined the **George Russell** Sextet in place of **Al Kiger**, contributed an original composition, *Obstinato*, for use on a Warwick Records percussion date supervised by **Teddy Charles** . . . Jazz flutist **Herbie Mann** has been signed to compose the incidental music for **John Cromwell's** new play, *A Banquet for the Moon*, scheduled for off Broadway production . . . Trombonist **J. J. Johnson** is busy on an original composition for **Dizzy Gillespie**, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, and the **Count Basie Band** . . . **Oliver Nelson**, tenor saxophonist with the **Quincy Jones** Band, has signed with Broadcast Music, Inc.

MCA has picked up its option on

the **Sal Salvador** Band and is busy booking colleges for the unit . . . **Lionel Hampton's** 17-piece band performed in a single line behind the long bar at the Metropole during the holidays. The musicians, who had a hard time hearing each other, got their cues by watching one another in the mirror on the opposite wall of the narrow room!

Martin Mitchell, music chairman of the Fine Arts Society of Lafayette college, Easton, Pa., is working out the details for a jazz concert to be held on the campus March 11. Featured will be the **John Handy Quartet**, the **Oliver Nelson Quartet**, and a reunited **Charlie Rouse-Julius Watkins** Jazz Modes quintet . . . The **Buck Clayton** tour of Europe was postponed a week before the Jan. 1 departure time. The tour is now scheduled to start in March . . . The **Kenny Burrell** Quartet at the Prelude includes **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Major Holley**, bass; **Frank Scott**, drums, and **Burrell** on vocals and guitar . . . Jazz drummer **Charlie Persip** played in the group backing the **Dick Haymes-Fran Jeffries** holiday show at the Waldorf Astoria . . . Freddie Hubbard joined the **Max Roach** Quintet on trumpet.

West coast reed man **Paul Horn** was in New York over the holidays. He came in after **Nat Cole's** show, *I'm with*

You, folded in Detroit . . . The show at the Picasso theater-restaurant, *Words and Music*, highlights singing by **Jackie Paris**, **Anne Marie Moss**, and **Barbara Lea**. Paris doubles on guitar, **David Hollister** is the pianist, and **Chuck Israel** is on bass . . . Jazz vocalist **Morgan King** appeared at the Cafe Leon, a wine and dine rendezvous . . . **Victoria Spivey**, whose blues records on the Okeh label in 1927-28 featured the cornet of young **Louis Armstrong**, played an engagement at Gerdes Folk City last month.

Don Elliott and publicist-TV actress **Doris Wiss** have announced that they will be married as soon as they can find a satisfactory Manhattan apartment . . . **Joyce Ackers**, publicity agent for **Copa City**, Long Island, is writing a jazz column for the new Broadway weekly, *Back Stage*.

Pete Johnson, the boogie-woogie pianist, entered Meyer Memorial hospital in Buffalo, N. Y., last month for a gland operation. Johnson has been ailing since 1958 . . . **Sonny Stitt** canceled an appearance at the Apollo because of an ailment that caused paralysis in his arm.

. . . **Tom Waring**, who helped his brother **Fred** build the Pennsylvanians into a world-famous musical organization, died of a heart attack in Stroudsburg, Pa. He was 57. He played piano and sang with the Pennsylvanians until

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his retirement in 1945. The pop tunes *So Beats My Heart for You* and *Count Your Blessings* were Tom Waring compositions.

The new year saw a few Greenwich Village jazz clubs changed to off Broadway theaters, with weekends only devoted to jazz. Until singer Joe Williams opened Jan. 17, the Jazz Gallery offered jazz on weekends only in the bar. The Village Gate installed a topical revue, *O, Oysters*, to replace the Friday and Saturday night jazz policy in effect during January. The Showplace now has a show in the upstairs room where Charlie Mingus used to perform. Jazz has been relegated to the first floor bar, where alto saxophonist Lee Konitz has been leading a trio . . . Even in Harlem, the theater is taking over with a cabaret show, *Swapping Wives*, during the early evening hours at Small's Paradise.

Connie Immerman, onetime operator of Connie's inn, where Louis Armstrong played his first New York engagement with his own band, is now managing a nitery called the Dunes near Asbury Park, N. J. Andy Kirk's Orchestra opened the spot with Dakota Staton booked as a headliner in the near future.

South American tours have been set for the Gene Krupa Quartet (March), Lionel Hampton Orchestra (June), and Les Brown Band (October).

Eric Vogel, American correspondent for Germany's *Jazz Podium*, is irked because jazz is never mentioned in the plans for the new Lincoln Center of Performing Arts now rising in New York . . . **Tony Gieske**, jazz columnist for the Washington Post, has the same feelings regarding the plans for the new Washington Cultural Center . . . **Eric Larrabee**, in his new book, *The Self-Conscious Society*, points out that we make too much of the dreary taboo of censorship and too little of the glorious voodoo of jazz.

IN PERSON

Apollo theater—Gospel Caravan until Feb. 9.

NINA SIMONE, Feb. 10-16.

Basin Street East—PEGGY LEE, DEREK SMITH Trio, until Feb. 8. FRANCES FAYE, BOBBY SHERWOOD group, Feb. 9-March 1.

Birdland—BUDDY RICH Quintet, OLANTUNJI and his Drums of Passion, until Feb. 15.

Bon Soir—FELICIA SANDERS, TIGER HAYNES and the Three Flames, until Feb. 19.

Central Plaza—CONRAD JANIS, ZUTTY SINGLETTON, PANAMA FRANCIS, and others, Friday and Saturday night jam sessions.

Condon's—BOBBY HACKETT until March 11.

Copa City—SONNY STITT.

Embers—JONAH JONES Quartet, LEE EVANS

Trio, until Feb. 4. ERSKINE HAWKINS

Quartet, HAROLD QUINN Trio, Feb. 6-

March 4.

Half Note—JOHN COLTRANE until Feb. 5.

HERBIE MANN'S Afro-Jazz Sextet, Feb. 7-19.

Hickory House—BILLY TAYLOR Trio.

Jazz Gallery—JOE WILLIAMS, HARRY EDISON Quintet, until Feb. 5. LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS, Feb. 7-19.

Metropole—ROY LIBERTO'S Bourbon Street Six, RED ALLEN Band, until Feb. 27.

Nick's—HARRY DI VITO'S Empire State Six.

Persian Room (Plaza hotel)—DIAHANN CARROLL, Feb. 8-28.

Roundtable—DUKES OF DIXIELAND until Feb. 5. MEL TORME, Feb. 6-March 5.

Ryan's—WILBUR DE PARIS Band.

Sherwood Inn (New Hyde Park, Long Island)—

BILLY BAUER All-Stars, Fridays and Saturdays.

Showplace—LEE KONITZ Trio.

Village Vanguard—JIMMY RANEY Quartet with BOBBY JASPAR, OSCAR BROWN JR., until Feb. 12. OSCAR BROWN JR., ORSON BEAN, Feb. 14-26. MILES DAVIS opens Feb. 28.

CHICAGO

The first public performance at McCormick theater, located in Chicago's multi-million dollar exposition center, McCormick Place, will be a March 18 jazz concert featuring the Woody Herman Band, Anita O'Day, the Ahmad Jamal Trio, and the Northwestern University Jazz Lab Band (one of the winners at the 1960 Notre Dame College Jazz festival). The concert will be sponsored by North Shore Congregation Israel, Glencoe, Ill., as part of their building fund drive. The theme of the soiree will be Chicago jazz personalities. Jazz disc jockey Dan Sorkin will emcee.

Portable electronic pianos and film projectors were worked overtime during the recent Maynard Ferguson and Quincy Jones two-weekers at the Sutherland and Birdhouse, respectively. Ferguson and Willie Maiden, Ferguson's tenor saxophonist-arranger, were hard at work on the main theme and score for a television action series dealing with the adventures of racing car drivers. The sponsor is a sparkplug firm. The new TV series is possibly the first using jazz in an underscore that does not deal with crime and private eyes. Jones spent his daytime hours completing the score for a Swedish film, since recorded in New York.

Birdhouse has been having trouble with bookings lately. The club's management had taken for granted Sonny Rollins' appearance, but the tenor man was unable to make the engagement. Next, Herbie Mann canceled, and James Moody filled the gap. Mann's Afro-Jazz group may follow the Cannonball Adderley Quintet's February engagement at the club . . . Donald Byrd's Quintet, which filled in for Rollins, featured a sparkling new pianist, Herbie Hancock.

Eddie Sears, one of the most active promoters and players in the South Bend, Ind., area, presented a jazz concert in the Indiana town Jan. 14. The concert, entitled *Jazz—20th Century*, included various groups ranging in size from trio to 11-piece band . . . Franz Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars played an early afternoon concert at the Chicago Public Library Jan. 14. The Music Performance Trust Funds of the American Phonograph Industry picked up the tab.

Bob Scobey's Dixieland group went into the Orchard Twin-Bowl . . . Jimmy Giuffre's four-piece included pianist Paul Bley and bass man Ben Tucker during a January engagement at the Village Wail . . . Gil Evans popped in on Miles Davis during the trumpet

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George E. Feb. 4-5. Birdhouse Cann. 15-26. Cafe Co. and B. The Clois. WILLIE Feb. 6-7. Counterpoint Jazz, Ltd. JO ANN interim jin. London F. 7-26. Eric MORRIS Mystery 12. PEPE March MARX-Orchard Band. Red Arrow All-Star Scotch M. Sutherland QUINT. Swing E. Sundays

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Afterthoughts

By GENE LEES

This issue is more or less devoted to arrangers and composers, particularly Gil Evans.

Evans, you'll note, was born in Toronto, Canada.

Now it happens that Toronto produced another remarkable arranger and composer about the same time, a man named Robert Farnon. Evans left Canada (during his late adolescence) for the United States; Farnon went to England. (Farnon's two brothers, Dennis and Bryan, came to the U.S. Bryan is now a television music director and Dennis is a well-known west coast arranger.)

If you're a hippy, you've probably never heard of Farnon. He's not the type that the esotericists write about; probably they don't even deign to listen to him. But if your tastes are not insular, and you have any insight at all into the art of orchestration, chances are very good that you're a member of that small group of devotees that I've dubbed the Robert Farnon Irregulars. For they are certainly as zealous a breed as the members of the Baker Street Irregulars, those Arthur Conan Doyle fans who know the Sherlock Holmes novels inside out. Farnon Irregulars are that way about Farnon's charts.

I consider myself one of the ranking members of the group. Dizzy Gillespie, who is another Farnon wig, remembers that Bob used to be "a hell of a trumpet player." (Farnon says he gave up trumpet after hearing Gillespie.) But I claim to outrank even Dizzy: when I was a kid, I used to listen to Farnon playing on an otherwise dismal broadcast from Toronto called *The Happy Gang*. So there, Birks!

André Previn is a Farnon fan, and once said he considered Farnon "the best living string writer." Barney Kessel in turn proudly claims to have introduced Previn to Farnon's music. Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, and Quincy Jones are Farnon fans. And arranger Marion Evans is not only a Farnon admirer, but has synthesized the Farnon sound better than anyone I've heard. In fact, there is a whole group of New York arrangers who are in love with Farnon's writing, and have been influenced by it. They constitute a special subchapter of the Irregulars, and are known as the Disciples. (They, in turn, refer to Farnon as "the Guv'nor.") I suspect, from listening to his charts, that Nelson Riddle is also a member of the Irregulars.

Chicago bassist Johnny Pate turned out to be a Farnon Irregular. I was very smug about having two Farnon LPs he didn't have—until I found he



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had three that I don't have. We're negotiating.

Al Cohn is a Farnon fan, too, and Donald Byrd just walked off with two miniature scores of Farnon compositions that I got from the Guv'nor's Own Hand in England a couple of years ago. (Note to Al: hit Byrd for them. Then I WANT THEM BACK!)

Farnon's reputation in America rests largely on a series of mood music albums he did for English Decca, and some light classical originals, including *Canadian Sketches*. (Note to other Irregulars: that falling woodwind figure in *Lake of the Woods* is a simulation of the cry of a loon. And the angular lines in *Alcan Highway* are meant to be evocative of the Rockies of British Columbia.) All these albums were released in the U.S. by London, with four now available on the subsidiary Richmond label. I urge that you listen to them, particularly *Canadian Sketches* and *Pictures in the Fire*.

After you've listened to the "conventional" writing of Farnon for a while you find that he is an incredibly subtle orchestrator with a rich imagination and superb skill with voicings. There's so much happening in his charts.

For an example, during a passage of fill in the bridge of a pop tune in one of the mood albums, Farnon leaps the orchestra up into another key, then modulates back gracefully to the original key with a lovely figure, leaving you a little breathless: it is as if you had just seen a gust of wind lift autumn leaves, swirl them around in a dancing vortex, and then let them fall gently to earth. And that's just *one bar of fill*!

Farnon gave up writing music of that kind a couple of years ago. Having earned a good bit of money doing movie scores for both British and U.S. movies (he also scored a Broadway show, but didn't dig the gig and went back to England), he moved to Guernsey in the Channel Islands and is now writing strictly classical music. Efforts by several jazz musicians to get him to write albums for them have been fruitless—until now.

For in March of this year, Farnon Irregular Gillespie is going to Europe to record the Guv'nor's nearly-completed *Suite for Trumpet and Orchestra*, probably with a German symphony orchestra. Farnon is writing it specially for Dizzy. At the same time, Oscar Peterson will record another Farnon work, with Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen integrated into the symphony orchestra. The two works are to be released by Verve on one LP.

Watch for this album. I hope it turns out to be all that Farnon and Peterson and Dizzy want it to be.

Then maybe the Farnon Irregulars will get a batch of new members. *GS*

have. We're

fan, too, and off with two non compositions the Guv'nor's a couple of hit Byrd for EM BACK!

America rests good music al-

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